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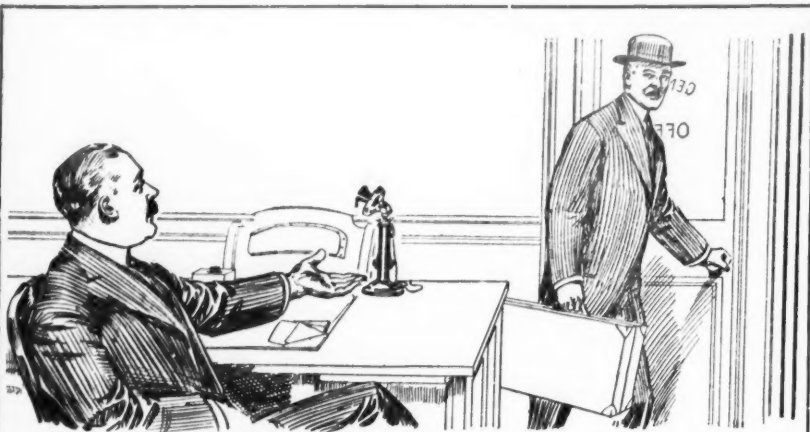
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Time to Move for Peace

By William Marion Reedy

THE President should at once make a move for peace. The need of peace is almost as great with us as with the warring nations, considered from our standpoint.

That the belligerents are more inclined to consider peace is plain from the recent utterances of Lord Grey and Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollweg upon the proposals for a League to Enforce Peace. Of course, the proposals are somewhat abstract, academic even, in that they are directed to conditions after the war, but that they should be considered at all by responsible members of government in Great Britain and Germany is an advance upon the former attitude of both governments, that they would not discuss peace until the war had gone to a finish.

Our own position is that the war to which we are not a party is entailing upon us a distress that must be relieved. We find our supplies of the necessities of life and of business dangerously depleted. We are sending foodstuffs and constructive material badly needed at home, to the countries at war. It will be impossible to rehabilitate our transportation systems and keep our manufactures going, if the materials therefor are pre-empted by the belligerents for as far ahead as the end of 1917. Diminished supply of goods, reinforced to some extent by the greedy profiteers, has brought about such an increase in prices as threatens the sustenance of the masses of our people. The high cost of living is lowering the standard of living to a dangerous level. A well-fed people is being forced to short rations, with the accompaniment of lack of efficiency, discomfort and discontent. The people of this country confront the prospect of comparative starvation, the business of this country confronts the prospect of stagnation and paralysis, in order that people in Europe and on the confines of Asia may continue to destroy each other.

The immediate remedy that suggests itself is an embargo. That is the quickest and surest means of conserving our own supplies for living and for business. It is little less than an atrocity that foreign powers should hold, stored up in our own cities, millions of tons of foodstuffs while our own people cannot purchase such goods save at prices which are prohibitive. Under our eyes peace is being starved to feed the maw of war. Self-preservation is the first law of nations, as of nature, and this country must preserve and protect its own at no matter what cost to foreign powers. If there be protest by certain classes profiting by present conditions against an embargo, the answer is that the profit of a few must not be permitted to stand in the way of relief of the many, or, in fact, of all.

It is proposed that we shall have investigations to determine to what extent certain agencies of business have taken advantage of the war demand for goods to increase the prices of those goods to the people of this land. Investigations are slow. The prospect of big profits makes men cunning, in the covering up of their processes of engrossing. There is little chance that the grip of the men who are cornering supplies can soon be broken by the application of existing laws. Promise of investigation is only a small tub thrown to a very big whale. It will be smashed in no time and the whale will be thrashing after those who try to meet the situation with palliatives rather than remedies. There is no likelihood that we can enlarge and expand our shipping so as to bring about a decrease in the charges on ocean commerce that make for big profits and high prices to the people at home. Our shipping

law to meet the conditions was first smothered and then resuscitated and passed in maimed form. The profiteers are responsible for that. It does not appear that there is anything we can do for our own relief other than declare an embargo—not to stop the war but to save ourselves.

If we set up an embargo we shall be helping the Entente Allies, of course. Germany is getting nothing from us, because she has lost her power on the sea. The entente has got supplies here because the fortune of war left the seas open to its ships. We could not change the rules during the war, simply because, under the rules, one party had an advantage. Now, however, it is not a question of action as between the warring nations. It is a question of duty to ourselves. It is not a question of withholding munitions of war, but one of conserving our own resources of production for our own needs.

In lieu of anything that will better meet the necessities of the case, one cannot but assent to the force of the argument in favor of the embargo. It would not be action according with Hobbe's dictum—*homo homini lupus*; at least there is no call that we should continue to throw ourselves to the wolves.

The Federal Reserve Board's warning to member banks against investment in foreign securities of indefinite maturity is the beginning of an embargo on money. The embargo should go beyond that.

It may be that something else can be done, not exactly as an evasion of the issue of an embargo, but something which might preclude the necessity thereof. Something that might be tried with a view to bringing about a truce if not an immediate end of the war.

Why should not the President call a peace conference?

The thing might be done on the basis of the interest of the neutral world. For the neutrals are all suffering from the war, though not involved in it. The general business and the general well-being of the people of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Spain and Switzerland are subject to injury well, high incalculable, and almost intolerable. They have no freedom of the seas. Their trade is being ruined. Their people are subjected to deprivations and distresses even more bitter than our own. They are practically put in the position of existing on sufferance. They are living on rations allotted by powers other than their own. They live under the menace of being marooned and starved. Those countries might well be summoned to join the world's most powerful neutral in a movement to concentrate their strength for self-protection, so far as may be possible, and for bringing to the belligerents a realization of the necessity of considering a cessation of a struggle that threatens the existence of civilization. The A. B. C. powers of South America might be asked to join, and indeed the lesser Latin-American countries. They are all in the same boat. Their interest in the war is their own interest. They represent—all these nations—the public opinion of the whole world that is not under the influence of the war-madness. Representatives of all those nations could well join in a call upon the belligerents to consider the possibilities of peace. To such a call, the belligerents would undoubtedly pay some attention. To such a call the people behind the armies now murdering one another would probably rise with an expression in favor of peace, to which none of the governments at war could turn a deaf ear. It would be like a world audience declaring that it does not like the play staged before it, and insisting that it be stopped. That the actors want the approval of the audience is proved by their

colossal propaganda in behalf of their respective causes and performances. There might lurk in a conference of neutrals the possibility of an embargo by all of them against the fighting countries.

A presentation of a call for peace backed by all neutrals could not be ignored.

That call, with the President of the United States heading the list of signatories, might say in effect to the fighters that the neutrals, suffering from the war, seeing no prospect of its early cessation, moved not alone by self-interest but concerned for the future of the peoples engaged in the struggle and yielding to considerations of the interests of humanity at large, would like to have from the governments in grapple, some statement of the terms upon which peace might be accepted. A world-court would say to the disturbers of the world's peace: "You are disorganizing the society of nations. Tell us why you are fighting. Tell us what you are fighting for. Tell us what you would consider as a basis for substituting negotiation for slaughter. Submit your cause to us and we will see if we cannot evolve a working-arrangement for the adjustment of your differences without more blood or rapine. Let us bring your rage to the bar of reason." Is it conceivable that Germany, Austria, Russia, France, Italy and Great Britain would ignore such a summons from all the other countries of the civilized globe? If governments would ignore it, would the people of those governments stand for such ignorance? Would there not be such a cry of assent to the proposal from all the people as would compel the rulers to listen? From what one can gather not only between but in the lines of the best press articles of all the belligerent nations, I should say that there is a powerful feeling for peace among all the peoples—no matter what the governments say.

Anyhow, the thing is worth trying.

The war is not won nor lost. Germany has not been defeated, but she has not done what she started to do. The Allies have not yet blundered to utter defeat, hard as they have tried. The decision is far off, but it can only be reached at a cost too frightful to contemplate. And a decision that will leave one power dominant in Europe will not mean peace, but endless war against its dominance by new coalitions. The victor, if there be a victor, will have to confront an interminable programme of "preparedness." A war to a finish now will not finish matters. All the belligerents who so favorably consider the idea of a League to Enforce Peace after the war must realize that the idea will be chimerical if the war so ends as inevitably to breed other wars:

So far as the President of the United States is concerned, the people he represents do not want war with any other people. Yet there is danger of war—danger of a break with Germany over her methods of submarine warfare; danger of a break with Great Britain over the restrictions she enforces upon our commerce. The embargo proposed would be a danger also, but it is a desperate remedy against widespread injury to our people by the perpetuation of war conditions. Therefore, if the President should call a peace conference it would help him to escape these complications. It would mean a swallowing up of those issues of dispute in the larger issue of arbitration or mediation. If a beginning could be made on an effort to stop the war altogether, there would be an end to all the problems at present full of possibilities of rupture with Great Britain and Germany. The calling of a peace conference by the President at the head of all neutrals would compel some expression from belligerents as to peace terms, and any expression, except telling the neutrals to mind their own business, would open up an opportunity to discuss peace. Something would come out of it—if not an immediate peace out of hand.

As the war is going now it is not so certain that the United States can continue to keep out of it. A call to a conference might have some bearing on belligerents as carrying the implication that the United States would like to know how the belligerents hope to keep peace with this country, while violating all the principles of international law. The

nations at war have set international law aside, and the President calling a peace conference might be understood as insisting upon some guarantee of the rights of the United States and all neutrals. With such significance one doubts that the call would be unheeded.

Imagine Uncle Sam saying, "Tell us what are your objects and what will be the acceptable minimum, and I'll then know where I stand. I am suffering enough now, and so are the other neutrals. If this war is to continue I shall protect myself and I shall do so in the way that seems to me best calculated to end the war. Anything I do will be done with the purpose in view of ending the war as well as protecting myself. If the terms of peace don't look good to us—to myself and the other neutrals—we will propose a settlement that will seem fair to an outsider. If you fighting nations cannot come to terms with one another, and keep up your scrap to my injury, and to the injury of other neutrals, the side that has no irreducible minimum will have to reckon me among its antagonists."

Perhaps some will say that would be a bluff. Not exactly. The United States has been in effect, by accident, though not of purpose, an ally of the Entente. It is not without the bounds of possibility that this country would be a more effective ally if pretense of neutrality were abandoned, while a drastic embargo would mean the stoppage of all the assistance we now render to the power that controls the sea. This country is not a negligible factor in the situation, by any means. This country, backed by all the other neutrals, would command a response to an inquiry as to terms of peace.

Once there was a statement of terms of peace, then there would be a beginning of peace. There have been proposed no terms. The war did not start for any definitely stated object. It sprang out of the assassination of an Austrian Archduke in Serbia but it has gone on even after Serbia has been punished. What the nations are fighting for has never been outlined officially by any of them. If they will state that to a peace conference court there may be opened a way to reach an adjustment of rival claims. The whole world has an interest in the settlement and should participate in it. No nation should be permitted to make terms that will jeopardize the peace of the whole world for years to come. And all the belligerents are likely to injure the world irreparably by insisting on a fight to a finish that will cost the lives of two million more men. There must be some reason left in the governments that are engaged in the work of destruction. It cannot all be "fled to brutish beasts."

The war must come to pause now with winter. The crushing of Rumania is not the end. In the pause will be the time for the President of the United States to take definite action in favor of peace. It could very well be done by taking counsel with all other neutrals of the world—small though many of them may be. Despite the successes of Germany, she has not won her objectives. Despite the blunders of the Allies they have taken all of Germany's colonial empire. In Germany itself there is not unanimity for the annexation of Belgium. In the Balkans Germany has wrought wonderful havoc, but she has not the Balkans secure. There is material in plenty upon which to negotiate, since it is pretty conclusively shown that no power can be, as was said on both sides at the beginning of the war, "crushed." It is time to launch peace proposals, to call a conference of neutrals that will call a conference of belligerents to consider terms upon which the war may be ended.

This is the country and President Wilson is the man to act to this end. A great deal of hot blood has been let and cooled since last the President offered mediation which was rejected. It is beyond question that all the Powers in arms are now more inclined to consider peace terms than they were then. The man who will settle this war will be the biggest man the war has produced. To be that man, to attain that immortality for world-service is the opportunity of President Wilson.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Eight-hour Law

HOW the supreme court will decide as to the constitutionality of the Adamson, or eight-hour-day law is a question upon which the able lawyers of the railroads have not the final say. As to the right of states to regulate hours of workers the court has spoken—both ways. It has held unconstitutional such a law as to bakers in New York and it has held such a law to be constitutional as to miners in a western state. But in neither of these cases was there anything involving interstate commerce or any attempt to fix the wages to be paid for labor during the regulated day. The Adamson case will turn upon the fixing of wages. The roads claim that such an enactment takes their property without due process of law. Supposedly, too, they will spring that moth-eaten argument about destroying the workers' right of contract. Those who believe the law to be constitutional base their faith upon the power of congress to regulate all the instrumentalities of interstate commerce. It is undeniable that the law regulates rates and as labor cost enters into rate-making the cost of labor may be regulated as may seem proper to the law-making power. The lawyers of the country are about equally divided as to the chances of the decision sustaining either the railroads or the unions. Thus far, the legal journals have not devoted much space to the issues involved, but when the case opens up for discussion it will develop many points of fascinating interest—political and economic and, of course, social. And the most interesting point will be probably just how much influence the *Zeitgeist* will have upon the court. For the court does follow the election returns, when the election returns represent a settled public opinion. It will not be contempt of court in me to reflect upon some aspects of the case.

No less an authority than former Justice Hughes said in a decision rendered no longer than three years ago: "The authority of congress extends to every part of interstate commerce and to every instrumentality or agency by which it is carried on." Surely labor comes under the head of instrumentalities or agencies, whether as a commodity or a service or an inherent natural right. This would seem to apply to wages as well as to hours. The crux of the case, however, is really the question whether the court shall venture upon legislation rather than interpretation of enactments: that is to say, will the court pass upon the expediency of the law, as to whether it is desirable as to its ends and the means prescribed are adopted to such ends?

Here is where the "due process of law" comes in: if the court holds that the ends are justifiable and the means reasonably adapted to the end of the public welfare, the conclusion will be that this is "due process of law." Thus it was held "due process of law" to establish an eight-hour day for miners, smelters and women on the ground that the hours had an effect upon the health of such workers, but it was held not to be "due process of law" to make such enactment as to bakers, because the hours did not affect the health of bakers.

The distinction seems to be absurd. The hours of labor in any class of workers must affect the health of that class of workers. The distinction means just this, that the court will decide all such laws with reference to their bearing on individual cases. The court will consider a law for its bearing on the welfare of the worker and the public, whether it affects the worker's welfare injuriously or whether it furthers that welfare injuriously to other persons.

The decision of the Adamson law will turn on the question whether the act, if beneficial to the workers is so at an onerous expense arbitrarily imposed on the railroads. The question might enter here of the railroads recouping themselves for the added pay for shorter hours by higher rates. Certainly the court will consider whether shorter hours

(Continued on page 768.)

What I've Been Reading

By W. M. R.

A STUDY in the psychology of some new religions is not the least fascinating feature of "The Leatherwood God," by William Dean Howells (the Century Co., New York). An ignorant, vicious, cowardly yet magnetic fellow, Joseph Dylks, appears in Ohio and preaches the gospel. A type he is at first of many another revivalist, but he is bolder than his fellows and intoxicated by his mastery of the emotions of his followers he goes to the length of proclaiming himself God. You would not believe that people would believe such a claim, but they do. This is not fiction either, for Joseph Dylks really did set himself up as a God in Ohio, in the days just before the youth of Mr. Howells and did believe, as some do in the story, that he performed miracles. But the story woven about this curious imposter by Mr. Howells is more than Dylks. There is the peculiarly refined and distinguished differentiation of character in two women influenced by this God. There is, moreover, the masterly depiction of the natural and social environment of the primitive community in which the drama is worked out. Mr. Howells has never done more delectably his painting of scene and character. Especially fine and lovable is the rural agnostic, Squire Braille, who is the chorus of the play and at the same time the one who works out both justice and mercy from a situation that was promising of neither. The woman whom Dylks had wronged is a noble specimen, while another woman whom he had fascinated is portrayed as an incarnation of willfulness and surly passion. There is in the story a most delightful boy. For action there is a plenty. The scenes at the imposter's meetings are vividly vigorous and the whole community is shown in a strange fever of fanaticism and hatred as it divides for and against Dylks. I shall not tell the story. That is something Mr. Howells does supremely well, with a most natural art. His English is perfect in its simplicity and his characterization deft as ever, accomplished by little strokes accumulating and culminating in portraits of subtle shadings. The result is an historical moral of the highest value. There may be readers who will see in the book implications antagonistic to widely accepted revelation and miracle, but those people read into the book probably more than Mr. Howells put there. The book does show what is possible of acceptance to the Will to Believe, though the Leatherwood community, for the most part, refuses to follow Dylks to Philadelphia to witness his ascension to heaven. The people who do follow Dylks to his end—how graphically described by the son of the woman he deserted—are not ridiculed. They are shown simply as hungered for miracle evidence of what they wanted to believe. Some of the wiser folk are shown as not being, by virtue of wisdom, quite as Christian as they think themselves, and the old agnostic, Squire Braille, stands out as the exemplar of the religion of charity and common sense and tolerance for everything that is not inherently mean. There is a craze for psychology these days. There is a lot of psychology in "The Leatherwood God." It is a psychology of sympathetic observation of common people displaying some apparently uncommon traits. Not anger nor disgust is aroused by the presentation of Dylks, small-spirited as he is, but a sort of pity for his deception which deceives even himself. This novel by Mr. Howells is full of the warmth and color and the joy of his remembered youth, tempered by the perspective of age. And the religion to which the book turns the reader is that "religion of all sensible men" which Disraeli said sensible men never tell.

✦

A story in a new style is "A Country Chronicle," by Grant Showerman (the Century Co., New York). Some of us have read futurist writing and could make nothing of it. But here is a tale in which the style of the incoherent Gertrude Stein is shown shorn of its insanity of using words with regard

for other things—whatever they may be—than their meaning. A boy tells of the things that happen to himself or those around him on the farm. There is no literary style about it at all, no tropes or twists for contrast or cadence. The sentences are short. The words are small. They are simply declarations of what is seen or heard. The observation is wonderfully and inclusively detailed. The effect is of a boy breathlessly in a hurry to tell everything, relevant and irrelevant. Mr. Showerman's artistry comes in when he makes the supposed irrelevancies so highly necessary to the full presentation of the scene or incident or character. The life on a farm, the life of a family and its neighbors, is described with an almost photographic exactitude. Almost but not quite. It is no ordinary boy who tells the tale, for there is a cleverly concealed selection of the material of narration. But the boy's point of view is maintained throughout. He presents that view with a sustained directness never varying into sophistication. He tells things and the reader supplies the sophistication. It is as if the boy talks on or writes on unconscious of his effects, which range from fun to bits of pathos. The sights and sounds and scents of the country are in the recital and the people are real people you know or have known. I was so interested in the reading that I forgot to be a critic and look for places where Mr. Showerman falls down or forgets the boy character he assumes in his narrative. There is little or no evidence that Mr. Showerman's boy is a boy with a man's experience arranging his literary values. It is rather a surprise to me that this story has not caused more comment and excitement among the critics. It is a striking and yet an intelligible and captivating example of post-impressionism in writing—something that parallels the painting of Cezanne and Von Gogh. It is primitive without being idiotic or paranoiac.

✦

We do not write good biography in this country. Our subjects are usually turned into highly finished and touched-up chromo-lithographs. They are not as dignifiedly done as the old steel engravings. Methought there was a prospect of meeting some real people in Harriett Prescott Spofford's "A Book of Old Friends" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston). Well—but why be unkind in the estimate of a book of memories by a very estimable lady? Mrs. Spofford writes about some noted women. There are Mrs. Annie Fields, Anne Whitney, Celia Thaxter, Gail Hamilton, Sarah Orne Jewett and some others—all figures of importance in the literary life of their day. Mrs. Spofford tells us about them, but it is mostly in the style of the friendly write-up for a society and literary journal. Mrs. Spofford writes well. Her style is flexible and what she says she says neatly, fealty and completely. It is all unqualified compliment, however. There is no criticism of either conduct or literature. It is pathetic after reading the eulogies of Mrs. Spofford upon the literary or artistic performances of these women to reflect upon how little they mean to the people of this generation. Their works can hardly be said to live after them. They were, I doubt not, very charming ladies, but their lives do not strike one to-day as related much to the broader life of their time. They were of the New England brahmin class, very intellectual of course, with the classics very much in mind, rather formal and very proper indeed in everything. Mrs. Spofford presents them always in their best clothes. She has never a word of criticism, never an anecdote that does not make for sweetness and light. The portraits are conventional to a degree but little short of mechanical. They have no more life in the sense in which we interpret life nowadays than the characters in the old-fashioned Sunday school books. The most striking thing in evidence in the book is Mrs. Spofford's capacity for affectionate admiration, of which I doubt not all these ladies were wholly worthy. These women were distinguished in their day. They meant much to the people who read the *Atlantic*, let us say, thirty years ago. It is sad that they mean so little to

us now. What a vessel of loyal wrath was Gail Hamilton defending her kinsman James Gillespie Blaine and his "anchor to windward," his relations to the Credit Mobilier. To her he was a martyr while Gilliam, of *Puck*, portrayed him as "the tattooed man." Mrs. Field was the beautiful and attractive wife of a great publisher, James T. Fields, and she held a famous salon in Boston. Ann Whitney was a sculptor of renown not yet faded. Celia Thaxter was a sort of Quakeress Fiona McLeod of the Isle of Shoals. Mrs. Jewett's novels were highly regarded once. They are not read now—more's the pity. Happy women these—and the others in the book—in that they had no history. They lived lives that knew no violent contrasts. They were good women well beloved. But one regrets that they appear in this book as such almost impossible models of perfection. And their works are so palpably overpraised in friendship that the effect is of an entirely unintended insincerity of laudation. There is a homiletic tone to these memories, too, but there—I shall not further criticise a work of honest and reverent affectionateness. These were advanced women, for their time; some of them would be advanced women in any time, but somehow they are all made to seem so much alike in the equal glow of Mrs. Spofford's tender regard and recollection.

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When Mr. George Moore said recently in an interview in the *Atlantic*, that if he had the privilege of learning English again he would learn it from the peasants and be a great writer, he enunciated a truth, though not the whole truth. Speech, like the aristocracy, must go back constantly to the soil for refreshing. But one who wrote like peasants talk, without exercising some selection of the peasant idiom, would not be a good writer—not so good a writer as Mr. George Moore. There is no doubt that speech, especially written speech, tends to become conventionalized into dullness. The word counters for thought become battered and worn until they lose their symbol value. Peasants often talk well of the things with which they are familiar. Their symbolism is fresh minted. But the literary artist takes not everything from the peasant vocabulary. As an artist he takes what is best for his purpose. So Hardy does, and Eden Philpotts. Supremely well John M. Synge did it. And after him Lady Gregory. Those who use the locutions of the Irish peasantry are always effective. And why not? It has long been a truism that the best English in the world is spoken in Ireland. A master in the dealing with the turns of speech and thought of the Irish peasantry is Mr. Seumas O'Brien. Two books of his, "The Whale and the Grasshopper" and "Duty and Other Comedies," have been published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. The first of these is a collection of folk tales that are the perfection of philosophical whimsicality. They seem to be told by one who starts out on a story without knowing or caring how it is going to wind up. They run along for all the world like the stories one tells from evening to evening to a group of children. They take twists and turns as if by sudden inspiration. They are without logical order and they may or may not have a moral. But always they have fancy plus and humor and hair-trigger wit, and occasionally a touch of grotesque horror that suddenly becomes the ridiculous. The English is not always grammatical, but it never fails to convey its idea or to deliver its punch or its laugh. There is a continuous tone of exaggeration with curlicues of phrase that start out seemingly to land you in one place but bring you up in another. These fables of Mr. O'Brien are told alternately by two characters, *Micus Pat* and *Padna Dan*. These two are as Irish as the shamrock. They have the *blague* with the brogue, but the brogue is merely the faintest Irish tinge on the English. The speech is rich in pleasing surprises of phrase. It is embroidered with copious figurativeness. These have an odd beauty even when they are in essence absurdities. They are constantly recalling to the reader the same use of the same language in Synge's plays. You get the impression of a perfect riot of

thoughts and fancies back of the speech and occasionally producing in their effort to crowd into certain sentences the effects of what is known as the Irish bull, but they seldom quite get to that stage of confusion, or if they do, the confusion makes the point of the author's intention. The fables in "The Whale and the Grasshopper" are more than amusing: they carry in themselves a keen presentation and shrewd analysis of Irish life. You can see in them many things that explain such an event as the Dublin insurrection. You can sense racial and religious antagonism veiled in racy persiflage and hyperbole. The lightheartedness does not wholly conceal pain and bitterness, and the mysticism dissolves for an instant to reveal a humorously disillusioned agnosticism. The qualities that make pleasurable "The Whale and the Grasshopper" appear more concentratedly in the one act comedies. Diffuseness is a mark of all Irish humor, but the diffuseness of narrative is boiled down in these playlets. I would not say that these plays are much, considered solely from the dramatic point of view. Mr. O'Brien is not strong on elaboration of plot. But for talk, he's glorious, and for characterization, rich. The dialogue always sparkles. It is keen even when luxuriant. The characters, you can plainly see, know they are talking well, and enjoy it. There is just enough of action to carry the talk, but you feel that the action doesn't quite keep up with the talk. There people are shrewd even when they are blundering. Their wits are quick, even when they are almost simpletons in the worldly view. And under the fun and whimsy and absurdity and the flow of what may be called colloquial poesy there runs a strain of mordancy. Every play in this book says in its laughing way that the Irish are misgoverned. "Duty" has a comic, pathetic ending. So has "Jurisprudence," and so has the playlet in which a thief gets rid of the evidences of his guilt to innocence. But the language! It is tropically efflorescent in all kinds of richness. It abounds in felicities and ridiculoses which are themselves felicitous. The characters are differentiated clearly in their revelation in the same kind of language. And the characters revel in their languageousness. They do, as George Moore says, "use in their speech images inspired by what they look at," by what they instantaneously feel. They do not speak literary speech, or when they do, Mr. O'Brien makes them make a burlesque of it. There is some excruciatingly burlesque oratorical and literary language in "Jurisprudence." In the other speeches there is a now flashing nimbleness and again a kind of deliberate playing with a thought in order to deliver it in some unexpected fashion of effectiveness. But these people are sad at heart under their blithe brightness. For all their natural cleverness they are tricked and beguiled of their birthright and oppressed. They are amusing, but you feel sorry for them. But they do have the talk, to be sure, and to follow them is to realize the expressional possibilities of the speech that springs from the soil. If you have any flair at all for style that is not possessed by the devil of rule and not addicted to the idolatry of models, you cannot fail to rejoice in the savor and flavor of the tongue in which Mr. Suemas O'Brien writes his fables and playlets. Here you will find the raciness of speech that is all but wholly departed from later English literature. And with the style, thought, feeling, fancy and imagination.

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Philosophers and Human Nature

By Victor S. Yarros

WE may now put aside politics for a time and turn our attention to philosophy. It is to be hoped, however, that our professional and amateur philosophers have of late paid due attention to "vulgar" politics. The fact is—and, really, this article is written to emphasize it—philosophers can learn more from democratic politics than democracies and politicians can learn from most philosophers. Nay, that philosophy is a poor, lifeless, unprofitable thing which ignores the struggles and

ways of ordinary humanity and does not build its own fabric on the foundation of thorough understanding of humans and their passions, interests, ambitions and morals, major and minor.

Too many philosophers, alas, even in our practical day, naively put the cart before the horse. Too many of them utterly misconceive the nature of the human creature, and the relation that exists between the real and the ideal.

Here is one illustration:

In a recent lecture, Prof. Overstreet, head of the department of philosophy of the City College of New York—and a very interesting and clever man withal—in discussing the effects of the war on the deeper thought, expressed the belief that, as a result of the titanic conflict now raging, "a great philosophical masterpiece would be produced." Philosophers, Prof. Overstreet pointed out, have always been profoundly impressed and affected by the stirring events of the epochs they respectively lived in, and, as a rule at least, great historic crises have produced notable and important philosophical works. So far so good. This simply means that philosophers try to draw conclusions from grave facts and furnish some guidance to humanity. This is their proper business.

Unfortunately, Prof. Overstreet added—if the reporter did not misquote him—that "men were blundering to-day because of the failure of the great writers thus far to produce a work which adequately discussed the fundamental principles underlying the war situation." What does this imply? That had such a work been written, the war would not have taken place; that statesmen, diplomats and warriors would surely adopt the views set forth in an adequate work, and escape tragic blunders?

Now, can anything more naive than this be imagined? Would the most adequate of philosophic works have prevented the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, or the Russian espousal of the cause of Serbian independence, or the Prussian rejection of England's suggestion of a conference, or France's support of Russia, or Britain's siding with France and Russia? How many men and women would have read and assimilated the adequate work on war? How would any peace plan or argument, or any analysis of the causes of war, have composed the Balkan differences or dispelled the prejudices, suspicions, fears and animosities of the leading European powers? Can any philosopher persuade Russia to give up her cherished designs and her objectives? And what of Germany's colonial designs, her coveted place in the sun? What of France and her "open wound"? What of Italy and the unredeemed provinces? And so on, and so on.

A hundred master works on war and peace would not have saved the world from the great calamity. Arrogance, pride, recklessness, trickery, diplomatic chicane, distrust and jealousy—these are the causes of the war. If the Austrian and German rulers had been more reasonable, prudent and pacific, the war could have been averted, but decades, if not centuries, went into the creation of that unhealthy state of mind in Europe which made the war inevitable. The philosophers and moralists have not been idle, and some of them have produced fairly adequate works. But the philosophers have been ignored by the practical men and the men of power and authority. They have not labored in vain, it is true, but—the war is here.

Man learns in the bitter school of experience, and even what he painfully learns thus he soon forgets. The philosopher is useful as an interpreter of human experience, of stubborn facts, of forces and situations. But ordinarily the facts are more eloquent than the comments on them, and the average man does not have to wait for the philosopher.

We know to-day that a loud and compelling demand for peace and security will ring out after the war. Even the German chancellor, a dull bureaucrat without vision or imagination, is able to foresee this. He has intimated that the German government will not refuse to heed that popular cry. He has accepted in principle the projected League to En-

force Peace. He knows that the million or two of maimed Teutons, and the widows and orphans and relatives of the Teutons killed in the war, will speak pathetically for guaranties of peace. The sighs, tears and perhaps curses of these millions of humble men and women will prove a more "adequate" deterrent of diplomatic and military blunders and crimes than any philosophical volumes the war may call forth. And while we cannot say with any degree of confidence that the present war will prove to have been the last great war, we can say with very considerable confidence that the war will stimulate and strengthen the cause of liberalism, democracy and progress the world over. Good will come out of evil—not enough good, I fear, to justify the staggering sacrifices, but enough good to demonstrate that poor humanity is not hopelessly deaf and blind, after all, and that experience does teach it something.

All this, it seems to me, is quite obvious, yet how many philosophers overlook it and put their cart before their horse!

Let me take another and wider illustration. There has been much erudite as well as popular discussion of the German idea of the state and the part played by that idea in the war tragedy. It has been contended and solemnly argued that the German conception of the state is a menace to liberty and democratic civilization; that the Teutons make a fetish of the state and blindly worship it, sacrificing everything—even honor, humanity and decency—at the behest of those who represent and speak for the mystic state; that, finally, the Germans conceive it to be their duty and mission to spread their superior "Kultur" in the world and impose it on other nations, and by force of arms and poisoned gas, if necessary. It has been argued that this pernicious conception of the state is responsible for Prussian militarism and the frenzied armament race that at last brought about the awful catastrophe. And the conclusion has been drawn that the security of civilization demands the total destruction of the German fetish, the state.

But how do you destroy a fetish in men's minds? Will "killing Germans" kill the German notion of the state? Not unless you kill *all* the Germans. Killing Germans and crushing their military caste may compel the central powers to sue for peace and accept humiliating terms, but no conceivable humiliation can destroy the Teutonic idea of the state. Only education, time, experience, disappointments, comparisons, etc., can destroy that idea. It may take centuries to destroy that idea, but there's no help for that. The German themselves must be the critics and judges of their theories and institutions.

And how did the German conception of the state obtain a foothold? Why do the Teutons worship the state? Because a certain Hegel was born and reared among them, and because this metaphysician had peculiar politico-social ideas? To believe this is to put the cart before the horse. The Germans have had their Hegels, but they have also had their Kants, their Humboldts, their Schopenhauers, their Stirners and their Nietzsches. Assuredly Stirner and Nietzsche did not worship the state. The prevalent German conception of the state is the outgrowth of German and European conditions—military, political, economic and historical. Prussia's role is not an accident. Her policies are explicable, and the metaphysical philosophers merely presented, in their peculiar jargon, their version of the explanation of Prussian militarism and Prussian supremacy. In fine, the conditions produced Hegel, not Hegel the conditions. In England a score of Hegels might have lectured for fifty years without producing a ripple on the surface of British politics. In Prussia, Stirner and Nietzsche wrote and railed against the mystic state without producing a ripple. The philosopher needs his atmosphere and his soil.

Of course, the conditions that begot the German state and the German theory of the State are not eternal. They will change; they are, in fact, already changing. Germany is already discussing the need of introducing the true parliamentary system and a responsible ministry. This important reform pre-

supposes other political changes, including the abandonment of the Prussian scheme of class voting and the consequent disfranchisement of the working classes. Even German bureaucrats are now using strangely liberal and "English" phrases about government and popular rights. What does this mean? Why, it means the overthrow of the state fetish and the gradual democratization of German government and politics. Blood and tears are washing away the now outworn, fallacious, absurd notion of the state.

Will not the philosophers learn something from these events? Will they not understand that the world is governed by facts, and not by abstractions, and that to fight abstractions is to fight windmills? To interpret the world, the philosopher should get down to the facts that govern it. He should study human nature in action, as well as the physical and other conditions in which this human nature is disporting and revealing itself.

Alas, it is not easy to see things as they are. A hundred kinds and forms of bias befog the mind and pervert the judgment. But unless the philosopher overcomes more obstacles than the average person does, and manages to see things more steadily and more truly than the ordinary mortal, his claim to guidance and authority is invalid. He has not taken the first step to qualify himself for his function.

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They're not "Exploiting" Now

By Frank Putnam

ONCE a year all of the captains of industry should be sent to school to the distinguished social reform theorists, for say two weeks.

Once a year all of the social reformers should be sent to school to the captains of industry, for say four to six weeks.

The ordinarily bright individual can grasp a theory quicker than a state of facts.

If this system of "exchange professorships" could be arranged, both parties to it would acquire a lot of useful information which many members of neither party now possess.

The great majority of city and town folk, who depend on the captains of industry for jobs, and on the social reformers for something to worry about, would earn more money working shorter hours with less waste motion and less friction, and would be a good deal more contented than they are.

These reflections are suggested by my failure, in three articles published in this paper, to make myself understood by the editor with regard to the chief idea I tried to convey in those articles.

He is habited to thinking in the language of the social reformer. I have lately acquired, I fear, a habit of thinking in the terms of a special industry, which employs men and materials on a large scale to render public service and earn money.

In a word, we don't think in the same language; hence my difficulty in getting my thought across to his much keener but more habit-bound intelligence.

Also, the failure was partly due to his unacquaintance with a highly interesting and important fact—a fact so big that it took me six months to walk around it and identify it as a fact, after I began the study which has engrossed me since I fired the *Post-Dispatch* for disagreeing with me on the merits of the European war, in June, 1915.

The editor of the *MIRROR*, commenting upon my social insurance articles, made this statement:

"Mr. Putnam stands out for social insurance without state interposition through corporation benevolence, so far as may be. No need now to quarrel with this proposal because it makes for dependence upon the exploiters of the people. It can be said for Mr. Putnam's suggestions that they meet an immediate condition and may serve as a temporary expedient."

That's what I seemed to the editor to suggest.

What I actually meant and tried to suggest is that social insurance should be initially developed in this country, as it has been in all other countries, using as workable agencies ready to hand the numerous mutual benefit associations already established and

doing good work in many of the larger American industries.

I tried to suggest that so far as the state, enacting social insurance legislation, shall apply it through these existing agencies, the state should as matter of course frame and vigilantly enforce reasonable and helpful rules for their management. That suggestion, as I see it, is very far from "social insurance without state interposition." It is a suggestion merely that the state shall not burden the taxpayers with the very large cost of entirely new official without a penny of cost to the public. In view of the well known fact that the increasing cost of public agencies to do the actual work which these incorporated private agencies are doing, and doing well, governments in this country is one of the chief items in the constantly and alarmingly higher cost of living, it seemed to me sensible to avoid, if possible, making any further unnecessary additions to the cost of government.

As for the editor's belief that these mutual benefit associations represent "corporation benevolence"—an idea justly hateful to a race of freemen—I beg to report my observation that these associations have made good and are making good, precisely to the extent that they drop all pretense of being "benevolent" and operate on a strictly business basis. Some old-fashioned corporation managers still cherish the kindly delusion that in their welfare work they are being "benevolent" to their men; but the number who do so is small and rapidly diminishing. The live ones, the men who belong to what I may term the middle and younger generations now active, recognize in these corporate social insurance and other welfare schemes their sole and true merit, which is that they are in fact mutually beneficial, not only to the corporation and its employees but to the public which employs them or consumes their product.

Intelligently conducted mutual benefit association social insurance gets for the company which contributes from a third to a half of its cost these benefits:

1. It attracts a better grade of men to the pay roll and holds them there for longer average terms of service.

2. It conserves their health and encourages the prompt installation of safety devices to prevent accidents, so that the corporation gets from them more regular and dependable service.

4. It opens to them, through its educational feature, opportunities for advancement to more responsible and better paid positions, thus enabling the corporation to have at all times, ready to hand, men whom it knows and can trust to fill vacancies.

Just here it occurs to me that there is no need to catalogue its especial benefits to the employees: its mutually beneficial character is illustrated by the obvious fact that the chief benefits gained by the corporation and by its employees are identical.

The public's gain is the larger and better output at lower unit costs certain always to result from increased contentment and intelligent co-operation within any large industrial organization.

The fact that the public utility corporations, closely regulated by the state, have gone far beyond the unregulated industrial corporations in achieving these benefits for themselves, their employees and their patrons, is not without significance as a commentary upon the social value of state regulation of industry.

This brings me to my main issue with the editor, to-wit: his statement that the kind of social insurance I suggested "makes for dependence upon the exploiters of the people."

It can be said of a United States Steel Corporation which by reason of its control of raw materials, of markets and of prices has been able within a dozen years to validate out of excessive net earnings a half billion dollars of water in its common stock, that it is an "exploiter of the people." In less degrees the same can be said of many industrial corporations—the Chicago packers, for example—which are not—yet—subject to public regulation.

But the public utility corporations, for which espe-

cially I spoke, are not any longer "exploiters of the people."

This is the biggest single fact I have discovered in studying their operations and public relations.

In pre-regulation days, when public utility companies were free, as industrial corporations still are, to charge "all the traffic would bear," some of them succeeded in unfairly "exploiting the people." Few of them, so far as I can learn, ever earned excessive profits through operating their properties: most of the "exploiting" was done far above the heads of the practical operators, in the sky blue field of high finance. Most of those who were worst "exploited" were the more or less "innocent purchasers" of stocks and bonds so soaked with water they couldn't be carried to safety deposit without leaving a wet trail down the sidewalk. It was an outrage—as we now see it—for the controllers of the old-time utilities thus to have gold-bricked their thrifty and confiding friends and neighbors. However, it may be noted in passing that the purchasers of the gold bricks were dead willing, when they bought them at big discounts, to have the general public gouged for excessive operating profits in order finally to boost them to par or better.

"Them was the days" of real "exploiting." It's different now.

To-day the state tells the utility corporation how to keep its books, and sees they're kept that way. It requires an exact sworn accounting of every penny received and spent. It ascertains by engineering survey the fair replacement value of the property used and useful in serving the public, and fixes rates to earn a theoretical 7 or 8 per cent on that kiln-dried valuation. So doing, it quite ignores what we used to take seriously as "franchise values." It cruelly scales down to little or nothing very large actual cash investments made in times past for property not now serviceable, and otherwise protects the consumer from being "exploited" by so much as a penny a year. If the utility so harnessed and hitched up manages to earn its 7 or 8 per cent, which state regulators throughout the country have generally agreed the utilities must earn, in order to maintain sound credit and give good service, well and good. If it earns less, the state is sorry but hopeful that better times another year will make up the loss. If the loss continues two or more years, and cannot be attributed to any fault of the operators, the state's rate regulators sometimes—not always, by any means—proceed in considerable fear and trembling to readjust rates upward far enough to do partial justice to the utility. The people they're afraid of, as you'll have guessed, are the social reformers who still regard public utility corporations as "exploiters of the people," and who may be relied upon to jump to the people's rescue, regardless of easily ascertainable, officially recorded facts, any time it is proposed to raise rates. I could blush, if it would do anybody any good, to think how often I've done that, in the years after the achieved success of state regulation outlawed my arguments and placed me, though happily I didn't know it, in direct line of descent from Don Quixote.

Further, as matters stand to-day, if the utility company by luck in buying and skill in making and marketing in any year earns one or two or three per cent more than its allotted 7 or 8, you'll see the Don Quixotes all rushing into print and the public forum proclaiming the outrage of it. And you'll see if you look—which of course you won't—the tax assessors valuing the property for taxation not at its officially fixed earning valuation but at one sufficiently higher to swipe the lion's share of its extra earnings. For men trained in the utility business in pre-regulation days, the new era means a dog's life; I'm not surprised that most of them got out of it in disgust and passed over into other fields where the action is quicker and where a man can make his own rules and run his own house.

But the new generation of utility operators—fellows appallingly expert in figuring percentages and averages, as eager to boost wages as dividends, socially liberal and percipient—they seem to be enjoy-

ing the job and to be doing it better and at less cost every year.

They have taken over great businesses which in the old days were indeed tainted with "exploitation," often of a highly irritating character, and have managed them so ably that to-day the services and the products they sell are almost the only ones you pay less for every year.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, Nov. 24, 1916.

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Culture in the Enc. Brit.

II. FRENCH AND AMERICAN ART

By Willard Huntington Wright

IF the same kind of panegyrics which characterize the biographies of the British painters in "The Encyclopædia Britannica" were used in dealing with the painters of all nationalities, there could be made no charge of either unconscious or deliberate injustice. But once we leave Great Britain's shores, prodigal laudation ceases. As if worn out by the effort of proving that Englishmen are pre-eminent among the world's painters, the editors devote comparatively little space to those non-British artists who, we have always believed and been taught, were the truly significant men in painting. Therefore, if the encyclopædia's implications are to be believed, England alone, among all modern countries, is the home of genius. And it would be difficult for one not well-informed to escape the impression that not only Turner, but English painting in general, is "like the British fleet among the navies of the world."

A comparison, for instance, between English and French painters, as they are presented in "The Encyclopædia Britannica," would leave the neophyte with the conviction that France was considerably inferior in regard to graphic ability, as inferior, in fact—if we may read the minds of the encyclopædia's editors—as the French fleet is to the British fleet. In its ignorant and un-English way the world for years has been laboring under the superstition that the glories of modern painting had been largely the property of France. But such a notion is now corrected.

For instance, we had always believed that Chardin was one of the greatest of still-life painters. We had thought him to be of exceeding importance, a man with tremendous influence, deserving of no little consideration. But when we look his biography up in "The Encyclopædia Britannica" we are, to say the least, astonished at the extent of our over-valuation. He is dismissed with six lines! And the only critical comment concerning him is: "He became famous for his still-life pictures and domestic interiors." And yet Thomas Stothard, an English painter who for twenty-five years was Chardin's contemporary, is given over a column; James Northcote (also English), another contemporary of Chardin's, is given half a column; and many other British painters, whose names are little known outside of England, have long biographies and favorable criticisms.

Watteau, one of the greatest of French painters, has a biography of only a page and a quarter; Largillière, half a column; Rigaud, less than half a column; Lancret, a third of a column; and Boucher has only fifteen lines—a mere note with no criticism. (Johnathan Boucher, an English divine, whose name follows that of Boucher, is accorded three times the space.) La Tour and Nattier have half a column each. Greuze, another one of France's great eighteenth century painters, is given only a column and a-half with unfavorable comment. Greuze's brilliant reputation "seems to have been due, not to his requirements as a painter" but to the subjects of his pictures; and he is then adversely accused of possessing that very quality which in an English painter, as we have seen, is a mark of glory—namely, "bourgeois morality." Half a column only is required to comment on Horace Vernet and to tell us that his most representative picture "begins and ends nowhere, and the composition is all to pieces; but it

has good qualities of faithful and exact representation."

Fragonard, another French painter whom we had always thought possessed of at least a minor greatness, is accorded no more than a column, less than half the space given to B. R. Haydon, the late eighteenth century English historical painter, and only one-third of the space devoted to Sir David Wilkie, the Scotch painter. Fragonard's "scenes of love and voluptuousness," comments that art critic of the London *Daily Mail*, who has been chosen to represent this French painter in the encyclopædia, "are only made acceptable by the tender beauty of his color and the virtuosity of his facile brushwork." Alas! that Fragonard did not possess the "grave moral purpose" of Watts! Had his work been less voluptuous he might have been given more than a fourth of the space devoted to that moral Englishman, for surely Fragonard was the greater painter.

Géricault, one of the very important innovators of French realism, is given half a column, about an equal amount of space with such English painters as W. E. Frost, T. S. Cooper, Thomas Creswick, Francis Danby and David Scott; only about half the amount of space given to Sir John Gilbert, Sir C. L. Eastlake, and William Mulready; and only one-third of the space given to David Cox. One or two such disparities in space might be overlooked, but when to almost any kind of an English painter is imputed an importance equal to, if not greater than, truly significant painters from France, bias, whether conscious or unconscious, has been established.

Again regard Poussin. This artist, the most representative painter of his epoch and a man who marked a distinct step in the evolution of graphic art, is given less than half a page, about equal to the space devoted to W. P. Frith, Sir J. W. Gordon, Samuel Cousins (an English mezzotint engraver), John Crome, William Strang, and Thornhill; and only half the space given to Holman Hunt, and only one-third the space given to Millais! There is almost no criticism of Poussin's art; merely a statement of the type of work he did; and of Géricault there is no criticism whatever. Herein lies another means by which, through implication, a greater relative significance is conferred on English art. Generally British painters—even minor ones—are criticised favorably, from one standpoint or another; but only now and then is a Frenchman given specific complimentary criticism. And often a Frenchman is condemned for the very quality which is lauded in a British artist.

Of David it is written: "His style is severely academic, his color lacking in richness and warmth, his execution hard and uninteresting in its very perfection," and more in the same derogatory strain. Although this criticism may be strictly accurate, the same qualities in certain English painters of far less importance than David are made the basis for praise. The severely academic style in the case of Harding, for instance, becomes an "elegant, highly-trained" characteristic. And perfection of execution makes Birket Foster's work "memorable for its delicacy and minute finish," and becomes, in Paul Wilson Steer's pictures, "great technical skill."

Ingres, truly one of the giants of his day, is given little or no criticism and his biography draws only a little over half the space which is given to Watts (with his "grave, moral purpose"), and only a trifle more space than is given Millais, the Pre-Raphaelite who was "devoted to his family." In Guérin's short biography we read of his "strained and pompous dignity." Girodet's biography contains very adverse criticism: his style "harmonized ill" with his subjects, and his work was full of "incongruity" even to the point sometimes of being "ludicrous." Gros, exasperated by criticism, "sought refuge in the grosser pleasures of life." Flandrin also is tagged with a moral criticism.

Coming down to the more modern painters we find even less consideration given them by the encyclopædia's editors. Delacroix, who ushered in a

new age of painting and brought composition back to art after a period of stagnation and quiescence, is nailed to France as follows: "As a colorist and a romantic painter he now ranks among the greatest of French artists." Certainly not among the greatest English painters, for Constable is given more space than Delacroix; and Turner, the other precursor of the new era, is "like the British fleet among the navies of the world."

Courbet, the father of modern painting and the artist who revolutionized aesthetics, is given half a column, equal space with those contemporaries of his from across the Channel, Sir Francis Grant, Thomas Creswick and Sir George Harvey. Perhaps this neglect of the great Frenchman is explained by the following early-Victorian complaint: "Sometimes, it must be owned, his realism is rather coarse and brutal." And we learn that "he died of a disease of the liver aggravated by intemperance." Courbet, unable to benefit by the elegant *esthétique* of "The Encyclopædia Britannica," was never deeply impressed by the artistic value of "daintiness and pleasantness of sentiment," and as a result, perhaps, he is not held in as high esteem as is Birket Foster, who possessed those delicate and pleasing qualities.

The palpable, insular injustice dealt Courbet in point of space finds another victim in Daumier whose biography is almost as brief as that of Courbet. Most of it, however, is devoted to Daumier's caricature. Although this type of work was but a phase of his development, the article says that, despite his caricatures, "he found time for flight in the higher sphere of painting." Not only does this create a false impression of Daumier's tremendous importance to modern painting, but it gives the erroneous idea that his principle *métier* was caricature. The entire criticism of his truly great work is summed up in the sentence: "As a painter, Daumier, one of the pioneers of naturalism, was before his time." Likewise, the half-page biography of Manet is, from the standpoint of space, inadequate, and from the critical standpoint, incompetent. To say that he is "regarded as the most important master of Impressionism" is a false statement. Manet, strictly speaking, was not an Impressionist at all; and the high place that he holds in modern art is not even touched upon.

Such biographies as the foregoing are sufficiently inept to disqualify the encyclopædia as a source for accurate aesthetic information; but when Renoir, who is indeed recognized as the great master of Impressionism, is dismissed with one-fifth of a page, the height of injustice has been reached. Renoir, even in academic circles, is admittedly one of the great painters of all time. Not only did he sum up the Impressionists, close up an experimental cycle, and introduce compositional form into the realistic painting of his day, but by his colossal vision and technical mastery he placed himself in the very front rank of all modern painters, if not of ancient painters as well. Yet he is accorded just twenty-seven lines and dismissed with this remark: "Though he is perhaps the most unequal of the great Impressionists, his finest works rank among the masterpieces of the modern French school." Critical incompetency could scarcely go further. We can only excuse such inadequacy and ignorance on the ground that the encyclopædia's English critic has seen none of Renoir's greatest work; and color is lent this theory when we note that in the given list of his paintings no mention is made of his truly masterful canvases.

Turning to the other lesser moderns in French painting but those who surpass the contemporaneous British painters who are given liberal biographies, we find them very decidedly neglected as to both space and comment. Such painters as Cazin, Harpignies, Ziem, Cormon, Bésnard, Cottet and Bonnot are dismissed with brief mention, whereas sometimes twice and three times the attention is paid to English painters like Alfred East, Harry Furniss (a caricaturist and illustrator), Francis Lathrop, Sir E. J. Poynter, and Sir W. B. Richmond. Even, Meis-

sonier and Puvis de Chavannes draw only three-fourths of a page. Pissarro and Monet, surely important painters in the modern evolution, are given short shrift. A few brief facts concerning Pissarro extend to twenty lines; and Monet gets a quarter of a page without any criticism save that "he became a *plein air* painter." Examples of this kind of incompetent and insufficient comment could be multiplied.

The most astonishing omission, however, in the entire art division of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is that of Cézanne. Here is a painter who, whether one appreciates his work or not, has admittedly had more influence than any man of modern times. Not only in France has his tremendous power been felt, but in practically every other civilized country. Yet the name of this great Frenchman is not even given biographical mention in the great English encyclopædia with its twenty-nine volumes, its 30,000 pages, its 500,000 references, and its 44,000,000 words. Deliberately to omit Cézanne's biography, in view of his importance and (in the opinion of many) his genuine greatness, is an act of almost unbelievable narrow-mindedness. To omit his biography unconsciously is an act of almost unbelievable ignorance. Especially is this true when we find biographies of such British contemporaries of Cézanne as Edward John Gregory, Sir James Guthrie, Sir Luke Fildes, H. W. B. Davis, John Buxton Knight, Sir George Reid, and J. W. Waterhouse.

Any encyclopædia, no matter what the nationality, prejudices or tastes of its editors, which omits Cézanne has forfeited its claim to universal educational value. But when in addition there is no biographical mention of such conspicuous French painters as Maurice Denis, Vollatton, Lucian Simon, Vuillard, Louis Le Grand, Toulouse-Lautrec, Steinlein, Jean-Paul Laurens, Redon, René Mesnard, and Carrière, although a score of lesser painters of British birth are included, petty national prejudice, whether through conscious intent or lack of information, has been carried to an extreme; and the editors of such a biased work have something to answer for to those readers who are not English, and who do not therefore believe that British middle-class culture should be exaggerated and glorified at the expense of the genuine intellectual culture of other nations.

Despite, however, the curtailed and inferior consideration given French artists, the painting of that nation does not suffer from prejudicial neglect nearly so much as does America. This is not wholly surprising in view of the contempt in which England holds the cultural achievements of this country—a contempt which is constantly being encountered in British critical journals. But in the case of an encyclopædia whose stated aim is to review impartially the world's activities, this contempt should be suppressed temporarily at least, especially as it is from America that "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is reaping its monetary harvest. There is, though, no indication that England's contemptuous attitude toward our art has even been diminished. Our artists are either disposed of with cursory mention or ignored completely; and whenever it is possible for England to claim any credit for the accomplishments of our artists, the opportunity is immediately grasped.

It is true, of course, that the United States does not rank aesthetically with certain of the older nations of Europe, but, considering America's youth, she has contributed many important names to the history of painting, and among her artists there are many who surpass the inconsequent English academicians who are accorded generous treatment.

The editors of the encyclopædia may contend that the work was compiled for England and that therefore they were justified in placing emphasis on a horde of even obscure English painters and in neglecting French and German artists. But they can offer no such excuse in regard to America. The eleventh edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" was printed with the very definite purpose of selling in the United States; and the fact that they have

sold many thousand copies of it here precludes any reason why American artists should be neglected or disposed of in a brief and perfunctory fashion. An American desiring adequate information concerning the painters or sculptors of his own country will seek through "The Encyclopædia Britannica" in vain. If he is entirely ignorant of æsthetic conditions in America and depends on the encyclopædia for his knowledge, he will be led to inaccurate conclusions. The ideas of relative values established in his mind will be the reverse of the truth, for he cannot fail but be affected by the meager and indifferent biographies of his native painters, as compared with the lengthy and meticulous concern with which British painters are regarded.

And yet this is the encyclopædia which has been foisted upon the American people by means of an advertising campaign almost unprecedented in book history. And this also is the encyclopædia which, in that campaign, called itself "a history of all nations, an international dictionary of biography, an exhaustive gazetteer of the world, a hand-book to all the arts;" and which announced that "every artist or sculptor of note of any period, and of any land is the subject of an interesting biography." This last statement is true only in the case of Great Britain. It is, as we have seen, not true of France; and especially is it not true of America. Not only are many American artists and sculptors of note omitted entirely, but many of those who have been awarded mention are the victims of English insular prejudice.

Looking up Benjamin West, who, by historians and critics has always been regarded as an American artist, we find him designated as an "English" painter. It is true that West went to London and lived there; but he was born in the United States, gained a reputation for painting here, and did not go to England until he was twenty-five. It is noteworthy that West, the "English" painter, is accorded considerable space. And Whistler, who also chose England in preference to America, is given nearly a page and a-half with not unfavorable criticism. We cannot refrain from wondering what would have been Whistler's fate at the hands of the encyclopædia's editors had he remained in his native country.

Sargent, surely a painter of considerable importance and one who is regarded in many enlightened quarters as a great artist, is dismissed with less than half a column! Even this comparatively long biography for an American painter may be accounted for by the following comment: "Though of the French school, and American by birth, it is as a British artist that he won fame." Again, Abbey receives praise, high praise and quite a long biography, comparatively speaking. Once more we wonder if this painter's adoption of England as his home does not account for his liberal treatment. Albert F. Bellows, too, gets fourteen lines, in which it is noted that "he painted much in England."

Compare the following record with the amounts of space accorded British second-rate painters: William Chase, sixteen lines; Vedder, a third of a column; de Forest Brush, fifteen lines; T. W. Dewing, twelve lines; A. H. Wyant, ten lines; A. P. Ryder, eight lines; Tryon, fifteen lines; John W. Alexander, sixteen lines; Gari Melchers, eighteen lines; Childe Hassam, fifteen lines; Blashfield, ten lines; J. Francis Murphy, fifteen lines; Blakelock, eight lines. Among these names are painters of a high and important order—painters who stand in the foremost rank of American art, and who unquestionably are greater than scores of English painters who receive very special critical biographies, some of which extend over columns. And yet, apparently for no other discernible reason than that they are Americans, they are given the briefest mention with no specific criticism. Only the barest biographical details are set down.

But if many of the American painters who have made our art history are dismissed peremptorily in biographies which, I assure you, are not "interesting," and which obviously are far from adequate or

even fair when compared with the consideration given lesser English painters, what answer have the editors of the encyclopædia to offer their American customers when many of our noteworthy and important artists are omitted altogether? On what grounds is a biography of J. Alden Weir omitted entirely? For what reason does the name of Robert Henri not appear? Henri is one of the very important figures in modern American painting. And are not Macmonnies and Gutzon Borglum worthy of biographical mention?

Furthermore, inspection reveals the fact that among those American "painters of note" who, so far as biographical mention in "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is concerned, do not exist, are Mary Cassatt, George Bellows, Twachtman, C. W. Hawthorne, Glackens, Jerome Meyers, George Luks, Sergeant Kendall, Paul Dougherty, Allen Talcott, Thomas Doughty, Richard Miller, John W. Jarvis and Charles L. Elliott.

Here is another interesting example of the neglect of American art: Of the eleven presidents of our National Academy of Design, only six have biographies in "The Encyclopædia Britannica;" and the entire space devoted to all six is less than the space given to James Barry, the English painter. I could add dozens of American painters to the list of those who are omitted and who are of equal importance with many British painters who are included; but enough have been mentioned to prove the gross inadequacy of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" as an educational record of American art.

I would not dwell so long on the American end of the encyclopædia were this country not the mint in which the editors are coining their earnings. Too long has bourgeois British culture been forced upon the United States; and we have been too lenient in our acceptance of it without question. English critics and English periodicals have consistently attempted to discourage the growth of any national individualism in America by ridiculing or ignoring our best æsthetic efforts and by forcing upon us their insular standards. To such an extent have they succeeded that an American artist often must go to England before he will be accepted by his own countrymen. Thus purified by contact with British culture, he finds a way into our appreciation. Hitherto this exalted intellectual guidance of England has been charitably given us; never before, as now, has a large fortune been spent to make America pay handsomely for the adoption of England's provincialism.

In the foregoing brief summary of "The Encyclopædia Britannica's" attitude in the treatment of art, I have confined myself to France and America. But practically the same meager and unjust treatment is dealt the painters of still other countries. For instance, the name of Van Gogh does not appear once in the entire encyclopædia; there is not so much as a passing reference to him. Nor is Zorn considered of sufficient importance to have a biography. And among other painters who are overlooked biographically are Krüger, Münzer, Munthe, Trübner, Von Marées and Liebl. Sorolla draws just twenty lines in his biography, and Zuloaga less than half a column.

Outside of certain glaring omissions, what we read in the encyclopædia concerning the painters of other countries may be fair, from a purely impartial standard, if taken alone: in some instances, I believe, judicial critics of these other nations have performed the service. But when these unprejudiced accounts are interspersed with the patriotic and enthusiastic glorifications of British art, the only conclusion which the uninformed man can draw from the combination is that the chief beauties of modern painting have sprung from England—a conclusion which illy accords both with the facts and with the judgment of the world's impartial critics.

(Mr. Wright's next article will show how biased and insular is the attitude which dominates the subject of literature in "The Encyclopædia Britannica."—THE EDITOR.)

Reflections

(Continued from page 762.)

do not carry with them improved service. The court cannot ignore the fact that in the present economic condition an eight-hour day would be a Barmecide gift if it meant a *pro tanto* reduction in pay. The court evidently regards such legislation as experimental, and not to be decided on any abstract theory. The determination of the matter rests upon trial and error—and the Adamson law as passed, was put upon an experimental basis: the roads were to keep books on the experiment and see how it works out. This is the President's programme, if not specifically embodied in the law. The legalistic view of the case is that the question involved is political, not economic, whether the power to make such law rests in the legislating body or in the whole people acting through the constitution.

I cannot see how politics and economics can be divorced nowadays, especially when the expediency of laws is considered. Congress has passed the law and granting there is evil in such a law, the supreme court itself has said that "no evils arising from such system of legislation"—that is, passing laws carelessly, leaving the court to bear the odium of opposition—"could be more far-reaching than those that might come to our system of government if the judiciary, abandoning the sphere assigned to it by the fundamental law, should enter the domain of legislation, and, upon grounds of justice or reason or wisdom, annul statutes that had received the sanction of the people's representatives."

Yet it is likely that this Adamson law will be decided upon the question of reasonableness—as in one matter of restraint of trade. The court's membership is such that a unanimous opinion is not likely. As a matter of temperament, Justices Brandeis and Clark will not be able to see things as do Justices Pitney and Vandeventer or Chief Justice White. Justice McKenna leans somewhat away from *laissez faire*. The personal equation, the strength of personal predilection will enter largely into the decision, in all human probability, and it would not surprise me if the result should be another 5 to 4 division of the court either in favor of or against the constitutionality of the law.

♦♦

Spectral Poetry

I HOPE all the poet friends who read the MIRROR will read the little book, "Spectra," by Emanuel Morgan and Anne Nish (Mitchell Kennerly, New York). Here is the stuff, queer and odd, but good, indisputably, riotously good. I don't know that the authors make clear what they mean by their introduction explaining this so-called spectral poetry, but the poetry itself doesn't need explanation. You "get" it and it "gets" you. It is imagism of a decidedly direct quality. Miss Nish does her images in free verse, Mr. Morgan his in rhymes. Both of them convey clearly what they wish to say, what they see and think and feel. The results are vivid and quick. The work is futuristic in essence, but the authors seem to be clearer in their minds and saner in their use of the verse medium than any fu-

turist I ever heard of. These verses make the reader see things in new lights. They make him feel things. Even they make him laugh, for humor is frequently the mood of the writers. Occasionally the poems are occult, but a little study will always extract from them a meaning. The verses are highly condensed, sketchy, nervous, but they give off light in many refractions and they carry both under- and over-tones. They are vitalized grotesques which at first seem like parodies of some recent new poetry, but it is only seeming. They are realistic with some sort of magical over-play of mood that brings the realism into unexpected and unsuspected relation with things inconceivably remote from the subject. Some of the poems read like riddles: they go along smoothly for a few lines and then leap a vast gap to some observation or reflection in startling contrast with what has gone before. In truth, these poems have the beauties and the oddities of Chinese landscape painting. The book is dedicated to the memory of Remy de Gourmont. It will create a stir in the dove cotes of the versifiers—this volume "Spectra," but the reading of it will afford a delight well-nigh indescribable to the discerning folk who are not hopelessly devoted to the cult of the obvious. No poet should read them who has not a sense of humor mixed with his poesy. I think they are a distillation of pure joy in the senses and the incalculable friskiness of thought and fancy. I can recall nothing in the *genre* since "The Book of Jade," by the unhappy Park Barnitz, about 1894 or 5. They are Baudelairean without his neophylism—and that will explain the

reverence of the authors for Remy de Gourmont.

♦♦

Push the Compromise

THE city should settle with the United Railways. The way is open. There are indications that the company may be willing to scale down its securities to a reasonable sum,—to a little, comparatively, more than its bond issues. I think that could be done without a receivership. I don't think that the valuation should be kept down to actual cost of reproduction. That would make no allowance for the heavy expenditures of the preliminary stage of experiment with rails, with cables, with electricity. The company is entitled to earn something upon that investment. The franchises in dispute might be adjusted on the basis of an indeterminate franchise—one that would continue on good behavior. The mill tax might be reduced, but keep the right to levy the tax. The recapitalization and readjustment could very easily be so arranged that the city would participate in the earnings, as the city of Chicago does in the earnings of the street railway there. But the city should permit the stockholders to make more than 5 per cent on the investment. There should be a little more inducement than that to draw money into the re-financing of the property. There should be provision for the city's taking over the road, if it should so elect, after a certain time. The city's participation might be taken out in money or in improvement of service. The city could well take its participating profits in lieu of some of the heavy taxes now imposed. General Manager McCulloch has come to the city with proposals and shown a

disposition to meet the demands for lower capitalization. He has made it clear that the company cannot go on under its present burdens and make necessary improvements. Speaking for the company, he does so in a manner that is anything but antagonistic to public sentiment. He has met more than half-way the most drastic proposals of the opponents of a compromise of the mill tax. He accepts in principle the city's participation in profits and the reduction of capitalization. The elements for a fair compromise are in his proposals and his acceptances of modifications. Let us have peace between the city and the United Railways. The corporation should not be forced into bankruptcy. It can be saved without that and the city will get what it should rightly have—an interest in the concern.

♦♦

Good for Gov.-elect Gardner

GOVERNOR-ELECT GARDNER of Missouri starts in well with consideration of plans to meet a deficit by raising more revenue. He is addressing himself also to the problem of employing the convicts in the state penitentiary when the prison labor contracts expire at the end of this year. The deficiency will be \$1,624,804 by January 1st next. He is proposing to raise that by increasing the collateral inheritance tax, also the general inheritance tax, and by a privilege tax upon capital stock and surplus of all corporations in the state. He might try to get the money otherwise, but this way it can be raised quickly. For prison reform he proposes a prison board to have supervision of the penitentiary and the reform school, this board to have power to establish a state farm of 3,000 acres

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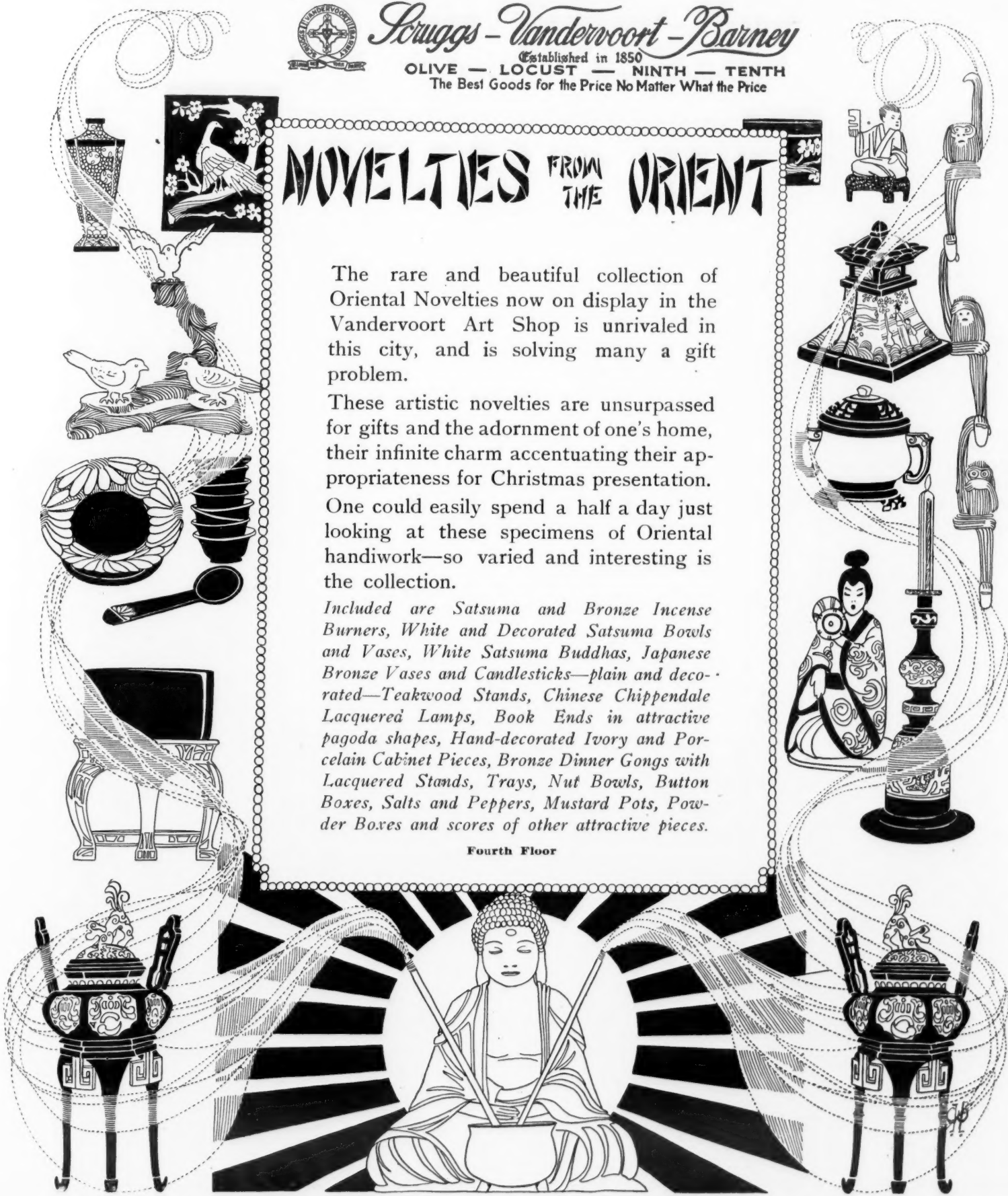
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on which to raise produce for use in the state institutions. But more important even than these things is the governor's reiteration that he is not going to play politics. He is not going to turn over the affairs of his appointive officers to politicians. His is going to be a business administration and he can't run again for governor himself and won't run for senator and he will not try to guide destiny in the selection of a future governor or senator. Governor Gardner is not going into jobbery with legislators, exchanging patronage for votes. He will submit his proposals on their merits and depend on public opin-

ion to force them through. He is pledged to home rule for cities. He is for a law-enforcing excise commissioner. He favors equitable taxation as between cities and counties, and excess condemnation for public improvements so that the city may get on certain property the increment of value due to the improvements. He is pledged against putting mere party hacks on the various state boards. If the politicians in the legislature fight these things, the people will let them know what's what. Governor-elect Gardner has run one of the biggest businesses in the west successfully and he's going to try the same ad-

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ministration on the state. He cannot be bluffed or wheedled or betrayed in the game he knows, however he may have been whipsawed by designing men in politics. He will make a good governor surely and, in all probability a great one. I can wish him nothing better than that the gang should fight him along the lines upon which the St. Louis Times

has opened upon him its battery of ridicule.

❖❖

Jack London

AMERICAN letters have lost a great spirit in the death of Jack London. He brought into our fiction a breath of the big world of action. He wrote with the fresh and riant force of youth. The

world called to him to conquer it and he went to the struggle as to a festival. He was a more masculine Bret Harte; yes, a more masculine Walt Whitman I do believe. He got deeper into the actual primitive qualities of manhood. He was a brother to all nature. How he could write of the woods, the ice packs, the wolves, the sea. How red the blood shed on his pages. How he loved the wild and the ferocious. He wrote on tip-toe, beautifully poised, when at his best. And he was not all nature. He had art—lots of it. You could trace in his writing a fine line of reading that had left its deposit for form and substance. I did not care for his Socialism particularly. I cared very much for him as a writer, for his writing had a rich, buoyant, joyous, generous, expansive quality. I verily believe that Jack London imparted to American writing more of a personal influence than anyone of late years until O. Henry came and then Theodore Dreiser and then Edgar Lee Masters. You could feel the man in his work and the artist, too. It is a grief to me that Jack London is dead—all of him that does not live in his books.

❖❖

England Needs a Man

THERE'S something very like panic in the Government of Great Britain. Well there might be. The disaster to the Allies' cause in Rumania is the heart-breaking result of almost unimaginable ineptitude. The Balkans belong to Germany. They will be incorporated in *Mittleuropa*. The situation in Greece is pathetically ridiculous. The nation is divided between the Teutons and the Allies, and the friends of the Allies are

disheartened by the stupendous blunder of Rumania. Greece cannot be used effectively by the Allies now. All this comes on top of the fearful stupidity of the Gallipoli campaign and the surrender at Kut-el-Amara. No wonder the younger men in the British Government want to get rid of Asquith and Balfour with their philosophy and practice of philosophic indecision. The cry in Great Britain is for a man, for a genius to organize success out of administrative and military and naval chaos. There is no question in the minds even of people who are partisans of the Allies that "on points," Germany should get the decision on the war. Great Britain is, if we may believe the little that we see in the dispatches and the undertone of the articles in the representative periodicals, on the verge of flying to pieces like a person with hysterics. The war's heavy fighting has been largely done by the sons of the Scotch and Irish who settled Canada and Australasia. There has not been a single gleam of genius in Great Britain's share of the conduct of the war. Her fleet has been useful to the Allies, of course, but, to tell the truth, more because the fleet is big than because it is efficient. Nothing will save British prestige but a man of genius who may have to be brought to the front by something very like a revolution. There is but one man in the British Government, so far as anyone can see at this distance or from the record of the war as written, who possesses the one supremely desirable gift—imagination. He has a deal of practical common sense, too. His name is David Lloyd George, but it is hard to tell just now whether the said Lloyd George is more hated and distrusted by the aristocrats or by the workers and proletarians. But this is enormously to his credit—that the man who has most bitterly fought him in the past—Sir Edward Carson—is in favor of elevating him to the premiership.

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Musicians' Union Benefit

The noted Italian bandmaster Giuseppe Creatore, will come to St. Louis this month to be guest conductor for the big benefit band concert to be given at the Coliseum, December 13, for the relief fund of the Musicians' Mutual Benefit Association. He will conduct a band of 250 leading St. Louis instrumentalists, and will give a programme of popular music of the best type in which will be several instrumental and vocal specialties. Signor Creatore has not forwarded his programme to the St. Louis committee as yet, and rehearsals of the big ensemble will not begin until this is received. Local conductors will direct the rehearsals until the last one, which Creatore himself will conduct.

Arrangements for the concert are in the hands of a committee of forty members of the M. M. B. A., with Owen Miller as general chairman, all of whom are working enthusiastically for the success of the monster entertainment. A new seating arrangement for the Coliseum, designed especially for the comfort and pleasure of the patrons, has been devised, and a general admission of 50 cents, good for all parts of the house, instead of the usual diverse scale of prices has been decided upon.



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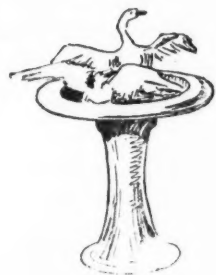
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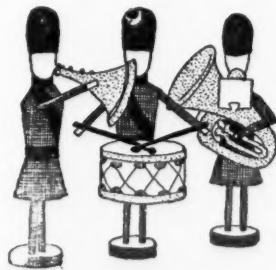
and hundreds of artistic novelties that make the prettiest kinds of gifts. The display of pottery, numbering more than a dozen different kinds, is an attraction in itself; and the newer kinds of hand-decorated china afford unusual choosing for those who like beautiful gift pieces.

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The concert is one of several similar entertainments given in the large cities of the United States for the benefit of a musicians' relief fund, and is the third annual concert for this purpose in St. Louis. Proceeds from the local concert will be used for aged and infirm musicians of St. Louis.

♦♦♦

At the Theaters

"Alone at Last," crowded with pretty music, fun and a cast noted for its individual excellence, will be the attraction at the Jefferson theater, for the week beginning Sunday, December 3rd, coming here after its long run in Chicago. Its score is by Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merry Widow," and is said to be the best thing he has ever done. The majority of the songs fall within the characterization popular, which adds much to the enjoyment of the performance. The cast includes Harry Connor, Forrest Huff, Fritz von Busing, Mabel Weeks, Elizabeth Goodall, Miriam Folger, Robinson Newbold, John E. Wheeler, Harry T. Hanlin and Harold Everts.

♦

The Mission Play, the successful pageant drama which has been playing at the Shubert-Garrick for the past two weeks, has been held over for the third and final week, commencing on Sunday night. The unusual interest shown in this production by local play-goers is the reason for this exceptional stay at the Chestnut street house. The Mission play pictures California in the early days, and the play is builded around the work of the early Franciscan monks and their labors in founding the missions of California. It tells of their reverses and successes, their winning to civilization the Indians of the Coast, the destruction of the missions and the scattering of the converts after the Mexican War. In it is pictured the expedition that accompanied the Monks to San Diego Bay, where they were met by the

Red Men. Fifteen years later sees the institution of nine missions, now old landmarks and among the points of interest for tourists to that part of the country. In the unfolding of the story more than one hundred people are used, making it one of the largest traveling organizations on the road. There are also two score of Indians, all direct descendants of the native tribes of the Pacific Coast. The engagement includes the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

♦

Columbia patrons next week, through a coincidence of booking dates, will see nine of the Orpheum Circuit's biggest and brightest vaudeville acts, in which there are two extra features besides the headliner. The bill is headed by Clark and Hamilton, England's musical comedy stars, in a "Wayward Conceit," virtually a musical comedy of Clark's own making, words and music. Clark's mental and physical agility and irresistible whimsicality give him unique distinction as a performer, and Miss Hamilton is pretty, dainty, and accomplished. "Petticoats," John B. Hymer's comedy, based upon a college girl's matrimonial trap for a young doctor, is the vehicle of Grace Dunbar Nile and her able company. "Dreamland," one of the best acts in the best vaudeville, will be presented by Bob Matthews, in the role of *Dopey*, and his capable cast of seven persons. Ethel Clifton, author of many of vaudeville's best comedy tabloids, appears with her company in "The Saint and the Sinner." This is Miss Clifton's third play to be presented at the Columbia this season. The others were, "The Coward," in which Lillian Kingsbury appeared, and "The Van Lowe Diamond," by Emmett Corrigan. Others on the bill are Harry B. Lester, the jester; Leon Sisters and Company, in sensational iron-jaw and tight-wire act; the three Du For Boys, aristocrats of dancing; Herbert's loop-the-loop and leaping canines, cats pigeons and roosters; and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

♦

"The Blow Out," an excellent new musical comedy tabloid—an E. P. Churchill (Inc.) production—will head the vaudeville bill at the Grand Opera House next week. It will introduce in a new part the popular Lee Greenwood in a new character, seen here last season in "September Morn." In this character he portrays the role of a Hebrew chauffeur who is also a Chicago stock broker. Supporting Mr. Greenwood are Miss Georgia Oldham, Grace Manlove and other clever entertainers. Other meritorious numbers on the programme are the Fillis Family, high school dancing and jumping horses; Yusney and Arlow, in a dance classic; Argo and Virginia, "the eminent harpist and the sweet singer;" Lew Hoffman, "the almost crazy juggler," and new pictures.

♦

"A Full House," built for amusement and dedicated to laughter, will be played by the Players at Grand avenue and Olive street next week, beginning with Sunday's matinee. It is the first time this very successful farce which ran for six months in New York City has been

brought to St. Louis. The author, Fred Jackson, a well-known short story writer, confesses that the only purpose of this farce is laughter. A youth with more money than brains has placed several records of his devotion to a de-

signing chorus girl in her hands, and then the "real girl" happens along. He sends his brother-in-law out of town to obtain the incriminating letters. Brother-in-law tells friend wife he is going to Cleveland but he goes to Boston, where

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a burglar has stolen a necklace. They come back on the same train and their grips are switched. Complications follow. The real girl gets the letters and the trouble in the family continues for a couple of hours while the audience roars. A feature of "A Full House" will be the first appearance of Miss Natalie Perry with the Players. She is the new second leading woman and was here last in "Baby Mine." She has been with Henrietta Crosman, Henry Miller and in several Broadway productions and first-class stock companies. The Jackson farce is a suitable vehicle for Mitchell Harris, and also has a fine part for Miss Olive Templeton, who is making a tremendous hit this week in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Director Loebel's offering for Sunday evening at the Victoria theater will be "Polish Life," a vaudeville farce that ran two consecutive years to capacity houses in Berlin. The authors, Kurt Kraatz and G. Ockonkowsky, have written other notable farces but this is the drollest of them all. The music by Jean Gilbert is sparkling and catchy. In New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and Milwaukee, the farce won immense favor with its merry music, melodious songs, pretty dances and jolly humor.

Joe Welch, the famous Hebrew character comedian and his up-to-the-minute revival of the four-act comedy drama, "The Peddler," are scheduled for the week of December 3, at the American. In his highly finished role of *Abraham Jacobson*, the peddler, Mr. Welch manages to make use of both the humor and the pathos in the Jewish character without bringing ridicule upon it, and as he is strongly gifted with native wit and high dramatic ability, his impersonation is worth going miles to see. The inimitable Joe will be supported by a strong cast.

Local Requiem for Frans Josef

A high mass of requiem for the repose of the soul of His Majesty Francis Josef I, Emperor of Austria-Hungary, will be solemnized by His Grace Archbishop Glennon, on Saturday at 10 o'clock, at the New Cathedral, Lindell

boulevard and Newstead avenue. Consul Schwegel has sent out individual invitations, but everybody is welcome.

This Week's Symphony

Josef Hofmann, the famous pianist, will be heard in the great "Emperor" Concerto of Beethoven, with the Symphony this week. It calls for all Hofmann's enormous technic and mental grasp. This great artist, now forty, has been before the public during most of his life. At five he was a child marvel, but his father Casimar Hofmann, an able pianist and conductor of opera in Warsaw, kept him off the boards. At eight years his career began. It has been one of steady growth, in popular esteem and in artistic musicianship. He was the only private pupil ever taken by Rubinstein. His father was his only other teacher. Pianism has had no greater American success than his. This season he has five concerts with the New York Symphony, four with the New York Philharmonic, two each with the Philadelphia Symphony, the Cincinnati Symphony, the Chicago Symphony, and this week's pair of concerts with the St. Louis orchestra. The programme will consist entirely of Beethoven's works, and is as follows: Overture to "Egmont"; Symphony No. 7, in A Major, Opus 92—(1) Poco sostenuto; (2) Allegretto, (3) Presto, Presto meno assai; (4) Allegro con brio; Concerto for Piano, No. 5, in E-flat, Opus 73 ("Emperor")—(1) Allegro; (2) Adagio un poco moto; (3) Allegro.

The programme prepared by Conductor Zach for next Sunday's Pop concert is one of exceptional worth, including numbers by Wagner, Handel, Mendelssohn, Moussorgsky, Alfvén and Tschai-kowsky. From these composers' works have been selected some of the most pleasing and of proven popularity; and the Alfvén composition, "Midsommarvaka," a Swedish rhapsody, is a carnival piece, fairly overbrimming with frolic and riotous gaiety. The soloist will be Povla Frisch, a famous Danish lieder-singer, well spoken of by critics in the Eastern cities where she has appeared. Mme. Frisch will tour with the Symphony Orchestra next week. The programme: Overture, "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; "Nutcracker" Suite, Op. 71—Danse de la Fee Dragee, Danse Russe, Danse Arabe, Danse Chinoise Danse des Mirlitons, Valse des Fleurs—Tschai-kowsky; Aria, "Where'er You Walk," Handel; Swedish Rhapsody, "Midsommarvaka," Alfvén; Prelude to "Lohengrin," Wagner; Songs with Orchestra—(a) "Hopak," Moussorgsky; (b) Dream-world, Duparc; (c) "Hymn to the Sun," Georges; Marche Slave, Tschai-kowsky.

The Symphony Orchestra will leave Monday morning, for Urbana, Illinois, where two concerts will be given under the auspices of the Illinois State University. From Urbana they go to Lafayette (Purdue University); then to Greencastle, Indiana; Dayton and Oxford, Ohio. This will be the orchestra's first trip as far east as to Ohio points. Soloists other than Mme. Frisch will be Ludwig Pleier, violoncellist and Emma Roberts, contralto.

A CHRISTMAS gift of enjoyable convenience for a gentleman is a strap watch of silver or gold, having a Radium dial, which can be seen in the dark.

Hockey and Polo Scarf Pins, or swagger Sticks are very suitable for skating.

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Marts and Money

A few days ago, Wall street's call money rate shot up to 5 per cent, and prominent financiers looked solemn and uttered weighty words of warning. The immediate result was a smart break in the quotations for numerous industrial and mining stocks. The depreciation ranged from five to ten points. It was attended by precipitous liquidation in the copper group, where "bull" activities had been concentrated for about three weeks. The desire to "unload" increased in intensity after authoritative denial of all merger talk. Utah Copper's value dropped from 130 to 119 $\frac{3}{4}$; that of Kennecott, from 64 to 56 $\frac{1}{2}$; that of Inspiration, from 74 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 68 $\frac{3}{4}$, and that of Anaconda, from 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 98 $\frac{5}{8}$. In the case of United States Steel common the decline amounted to nearly \$6, after establishment of a new top record—129. Railroad shares were not badly affected, the losses varying from two to four points. The set-back was promptly followed by another upward movement, which so far has caused a full recovery in the price of Steel common and gains of two or three points in those of other speculative favorites.

The latest weekly statement of the New York Clearing-House banks and trust companies discloses another material shrinkage—of about \$21,000,000—in excess reserves. These are placed at \$58,647,000, against \$124,107,000 on November 4. A year ago, the total was close to \$200,000,000. The present amount is the smallest since July 8 last, when the record stood at \$53,546,000. At that time, the call loan charge advanced to 6 per cent, and the six-month charge to 4 $\frac{3}{4}$. The latter is 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 4 at present. The opinion is growing in New York financial circles that the time has arrived for exercising a higher degree of conservatism both in loan and stock markets. Attention is called to the fact that the outstanding totals of loans of brokerage firms are of unprecedented magnitude. Considering the amazing quotations for many stocks of more or less questionable merits, this appears not the least surprising. Utah Copper, the par value of which is \$10, sold at 130 just prior to the break. Calculated on a par value of \$100, this implies a price of \$1,300. Although the red metal is quoted at 32 to 33 cents for deliveries in the first and second quarters of 1917, against 16 cents in the early months of 1915, it must be borne in mind that peace negotiations would speedily bring a fall to about 18 cents a pound. The Utah Copper Co. could conveniently pay \$14 or \$15 a year to its stockholders in existing circumstances, but careful investors will feel inclined to ask, What will the company's earnings be two or three years from now? They will not be in a hurry to pay 130 for a stock of par value of \$10 solely because it may receive an uncommonly high rate of dividend for a year or two. Similar reasoning applies to all other shares of this class, as also to steel and other popular industrial certificates.

We must beware of frenzied finance and idiotic speculation at the present critical juncture. I use the word "critical" deliberately. Violent inflation would surely lead to calamitous conse-

quences. It always does. It is decidedly significant that of late the Federal Reserve Board at Washington has been in conference with the Advisory Council with regard to prevailing conditions and prospective perils. Press reports as to the outcome of the conclave contained some rather Delphic statements as to the glut of gold and tendencies towards inflation in the markets for securities and commodities. Approximately \$12,000,000 gold has been shipped to Argentina, Japan and Spain in the past two or three weeks. At first we were told that New York bankers heaved a sigh of relief when informed of the outflow. According to the latest news, however, some of them feel slightly uneasy over a movement that might be the beginning of a long drain and slowly undermine the huge speculative structure built up in the United States since January, 1915. To the average observer, this sort of misgivings may seem preposterously premature, but they are well worth pondering, all the same. They give us an inkling of the prevailing bewilderment of minds even in the highest circles of finance as to the drift of things and the distant future.

Charles M. Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Co., is a chronic optimist. He predicts still greater development of the American Steel industry, but admits, at the same time, that a period of severe depression will come a few years after the end of the European struggle. Considering the existing uncertainty of prospects and reasoning in regnant quarters, the disposition to gamble in industrial and mining stocks quoted at fabulous prices appears amazing and unpardonable. They have a fools' paradise in the nation's financial centers. Every long-memoried student of finance knows what were the consequences of the South African War and of the Russian-Japanese War, and should, therefore, be under no optimistic delusions as to the inevitable consequences of the greatest war in the history of mankind. Francis W. Hirst, former editor of the *London Economist*, has the correct vision; so, too, has Sir George Paish, editor of the *London Statist*. Respecting the future position of the United States, the *London correspondent* of the New York *Evening Post* declares that the permanence and consolidation of American wealth depend on three things—"first, the avoidance of inflation and the resultant crash; second, on the employing of your (our) new wealth in obtaining, through loans in wartime, the necessary future power over the foreign exchanges, and, third, on the period and character of the termination of the war." I consider this a thoroughly sane view of the subject.

We cannot afford to export large amounts of gold during the remaining period of the war and the three or four years following its conclusion. That's clearly manifest. It's perfectly in order, therefore, that public-spirited financiers in the East should be reading the riot act to the mad mobs besieging the speculative markets.

The steel industry continues in the throes of unparalleled conditions of prosperity. We are told that "no end is in sight to the advances for finished products. The world's demand for American steel is assuming larger pro-

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10-20c

Starting Monday, Dec. 4 and Week.

The Blowout, an excellent new musical comedy, with Mr. Greenwood, Miss Georgia Oldham and Miss Grace Manlove—it is another of the E. P. Churchill (Inc.) productions; Fillis Family, high-school, dancing and jumping horses; Yucensy and Arrow, in a dance classic; Argo and Virginia, the eminent harpist and the sweet singer; Lou Hoffman, the almost crazy juggler; Animated Weekly and Comedy Pictures.

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portions, and is more insistent, and domestic consumers are paying prices that will hold the steel at home. Just now, the British inquiry for 118,000 tons of rails for 1917; that of Russia for 33,000 tons of rails, and a total of 100,000 tons of ship plates for foreign yards are outstanding items in the foreign demand. As high as \$60 a ton has been asked for export rails. Norway has been trying to place four vessels at Pacific Coast yards." The United States Steel Corporation has ordered another 10 per cent advance in the wages of its workers. The total addition to the pay roll will be \$20,000,000.

The Stock Exchange community displayed eager interest in the news, the other day, that Japanese merchants, manufacturers, and exporters had bought \$50,000,000 worth of American securities. The item was promptly construed as confirmatory evidence of rising prosperity on the islands of Nippon. It is to be hoped that the Japanese may see the advisability of purchasing American securities of approved intrinsic worth, rather than the wildly inflated things that the crowd is scrambling for. Prudent investors yet have plenty of opportunities for getting possessed of good railroad, industrial, public utility and municipal issues on quite attractive terms. There are also various railroad stocks which hold out strong inducements to conservative purchasers and can be acquired at reasonable figures. Speculators should feel interested in low-priced shares of this class, especially such as promise to be on the dividend-paying list a few years hence.

The Atlantic Coast Line has raised its yearly dividend rate from 5 to 7 per cent. This action was predicted in the MIRROR two or three months ago. The current value of the company's stock is 125—a fair figure, considering that surplus earnings are largely in excess of present dividend requirements.

Finance in St. Louis.

On the local Stock Exchange business continues big and brisk. The daily totals are in congruence with the remarkable improvement in commercial and industrial affairs in St. Louis and surrounding territory, as this is strikingly brought home to us by the substantial gains, week after week, in the volumes of bank clearings. Industrial issues remain the favorites, for reasons perfectly obvious. The demand for them seems insatiable, sharp advances in prices notwithstanding. Of late, American Bakery common was an especially interesting feature. Its quotation was raided about \$3 in connection with sales of more than three hundred shares, the top being 18. Strange to say, nothing whatever was done in the preferred, which is offering at about 75 or 76. Eighty-five shares of St. Louis Screw stock were taken at 225 to 240. The latter figure denotes an advance of \$40 since the date of listing. Numerous transactions in National Candy common were effected at 19.87½ to 21; the first and second preferred were overlooked. Forty International Shoe common brought 104.75 and 105; ten preferred, 111; twenty Wagner Electric, 360; fifty Ely-Walker D. G. second preferred, 88; twenty Union Sand & Material, 80.50;

one hundred and ten Kinloch Long-Distance Telephone, 148.50; \$4,000 of the 6 per cent bonds, 106.25; \$5,000 of the 5s, 94 and 94.12½; fifty Hamilton-Brown Shoe, 140, and \$500 Independent Breweries 6s, 56.50; \$3,000 of the last-named securities brought 55.

The request for banking certificates was again of modest proportions. Thirteen shares of Mercantile Trust were transferred at 341.50 and 342; forty German Savings Institution, at 200; seventy-five Bank of Commerce, at 106.50 to 107, and twenty-five Mississippi Valley Trust, at 290. The prices given show no variations of importance.

The quotation for United Railways preferred rose a little further, sales making at 18.75 to 19; the aggregate of sales was quite large. The 4 per cent bonds were firm and scored a gain of about a half point. Twenty-six thousand dollars were disposed of at 61.50 to 61.75, against 61 in the previous week. Of St. Louis & Suburban general 5s, \$4,000 were sold at 74—an unchanged figure.

Latest Quotations.

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|--|------|--------|
| Franklin Bank | 306 | |
| Jefferson Bank | | 103 |
| Mechanics-Am. National | 249 | |
| Nat. Bank of Commerce | 106 | 107 |
| State National Bank | 210 | |
| Chippewa Bank | 250 | |
| Mississippi Valley Trust | 290 | 294 |
| Title Guaranty Trust | | 109 |
| United Railways com. | 4 | 4½ |
| do pfd. | 17½ | 17¾ |
| do 4s | 61½ | 61¾ |
| St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s | 74 | 74½ |
| E. S. L. & Sub. 5s | | 90 |
| Kinloch Tel. L. D. stock | | 149 |
| Missouri Edison 5s | 100½ | 101¼ |
| Union Sand and Material | 79½ | |
| Int. Shoe com. | 103 | 104¾ |
| Con. Portland Cem. com. | 84 | |
| do pfd. | 93 | |
| do 6s | 95 | |
| General Roofing com. | 200 | |
| do pfd. | 101 | 101½ |
| Central Coal & Coke com. | 57½ | |
| American Bakery com. | 12½ | |
| Int. Fur | 100½ | |
| Hamilton-Brown | 140 | |
| St. L. Screw | 228 | 235 |
| Ind. Brew. 1st pfd. | 14 | |
| Century Bldg. 6s | 20½ | 20¾ |
| Nat. Candy 1st pfd. | 102¾ | 103 |
| do 2d pfd. | | 89 |
| Wagner Electric | 359½ | |
| Mechanics-Am. and Chippewa Bank ex-dividend. | | |

Answers to Inquiries.

L. B. O'D., Springfield, Ill.—The material increase in the earnings of the Pressed Steel Car Co. is largely the outcome of war contracts. A favorable turn has occurred, lately, also in the regular line of manufacturing. Wall street believes the finances will be in satisfactory shape for two or three years. The common stock, now selling at 82, was recently put on a 6 per cent dividend basis. Nothing was paid in 1915. The dividend record is not encouraging. The quotation having advanced \$60 since March, 1915, purchases would not be advisable, except for a speculation. A 6 per cent industrial of this class does not seem irresistibly cheap at 82, despite Wall street's efforts to set new standard of valuation.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—(1) St. Louis & Suburban general 5 per cent bonds are not a first-class investment. They come after the first 5s, quoted at about 100.50.



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The quoted price—74—indicates that investors are keenly conscious of the partly speculative character of the bonds. Street railway issues have steadily fallen in public favor in the past five or six years throughout the country. (2) Union Sand & Material pays 6 per cent per annum, and has been paying this rate for years. Would advise holding it. Should be worth 85 some months hence.

H. S. H., Louisiana, Mo.—The rise of about \$25 in the value of United States Rubber common is taken to presage a resumption of dividend payments at an early date. There is talk of a 6 or 7 per cent rate; also of a further advance to about 75 or 80. The company is doing unusually well these days, and its prospects are considered of the brightest. The common stock is highly speculative, but may approach the investment class in two or three years.

BONDHOLDER, St. Louis.—(1) The decline of a point in the quotations for Canadian Government 5s must be regarded as the inevitable result of the uninterrupted flotation of foreign loans in the United States. The bonds are perfectly safe, and should therefore be picked up without hesitancy in the event of further depreciation. (2) The City of Bordeaux, France, 6 per cent bonds are a choice investment, even under prevailing conditions. The danger of a sharp decline is not worth consideration. Three or four points would be the most, probably, but it would occur only in case of such a turn in affairs as cannot be foreseen at this time.

MERCHANT, Raton, N. M.—Chicago, R. I. & Pacific new 6 per cent preferred, quoted at 71 on the New York curb, looks like a good speculative investment for a long pull. The 6 per cent will undoubtedly be earned and is already accruing, according to the reorganization plan. In the course of time, say two years hence, it should be rated at not

less than 90. It is estimated that the company will earn the full rates on both classes of preferred, and also 7 or 8 per cent on the common in the first fiscal year.

♦♦♦

Letters From the People

Progress in North Dakota

Fessenden, N. D., Nov. 26, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

A political revolution has taken place in North Dakota and I thought perhaps you might wish a "line" on it, as it is probably unique in the history of the United States, both in its rapid and complete success and the fact that what were considered conservative farmers have espoused a program of radical legislation, including a partial admission of the soundness of Single Tax.

The movement started at time when the 1915 Legislature turned down a terminal (state-owned) grain elevator proposition upon which the people, by about 80 per cent, had voted favorably.

A man who has proved to be a wonderful organizer started a house-to-house canvass in a Ford car, signing farmers as members of the "Farmers' Nonpartisan Political League of North Dakota," collecting a fee of six dollars (later raised to nine) and as soon as sufficient funds were raised another Ford and organizer were started.

This kept up until the spring of 1916, when fully a hundred cars and that many organizers were working.

Last winter, speakers covered the state and following this, legislative district conventions were held and candidates for the legislature were endorsed, without regard to party affiliation. A state convention was then held and candidates for state office endorsed and also candidates for the state supreme court. All won at the primaries in June and also at the November election the entire state ticket, with the exception of league's candidate for State Treasurer. The three league candidates for supreme court won, giving the new movement a majority on the state's highest court, together with a majority in house and senate.

C. M. BRINTON,

Editor Wells County Free Press.

♦

Etymology of Turkey

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 26, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Long before the advent of the white men in America, the Indians had named our national bird. They called him "tucky"—now incorrectly spelled turkey.

I had this information from an old Alabamian, many years ago. He knew the Indian language perfectly and had lived amongst the Indians before their banishment from the states. This is in answer to the statement made recently in Charles Frederick Holder's article on the turkey, reproduced from the *Youth's Companion*, in the MIRROR, that "no one could definitely give the reasons for the name of our national bird."

We still spell "Kentucky" Indian style.

Sincerely yours,

E. S.



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New Books Received

FROM AN OREGON RANCH by "Katharine." Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.00.

A book of nature studies in the large with those studies colored by a pleasant little love affair. The writer has an attractive quality of humor. The charm of the book is the unpretentiousness of its writing. The decorations by J. Allen St. John are interesting examples of illustrative art.

VISION AND RESTRAINT by Robert L. Jackson. Boston: Richard G. Badger; \$1.00.

A plea for moderation and self-control on the part of the individual and the body politic. The author is the Pastor of the Ranover Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, Delaware. He calls his readers back to the vision of God, the moral governor of the Universe. The book is one of the series known as Badger's Library of Religious Thought.

THE GREAT VALLEY by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The MacMillan Co.; \$1.50.

The third book of poems by Mr. Masters in eighteen months. This is a book of wider range than "Spoon River Anthology," presenting a more developed theory of life. A notable feature of the volume is its interpretation of Chicago and of Illinois as part of the great Mississippi Valley. There are at least three striking poems on the subject of Lincoln. Several poems deal with characters in Winnetonka somewhat as the people of Spoon River were delineated. There are unique poems in rhyme and at least two in ballad form. There are two highly interesting treatments of Biblical subjects and one or two in somewhat of the classical manner. Thought at the core of feeling is the characteristic of them all. It is not unlikely that connoisseurs of poetry will vote this to be a greater book than the one upon which Mr. Masters obtained his fame here and abroad.

BOBBY OF THE LABRADOR by Dillon Wallace. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25.

An adventure story by one who has had adventures. Mr. Wallace has achieved distinction as an explorer in the far, cold lands he writes about in this book. An excellent tale for boys, with the action of a "movie." Illustrations by Frank E. Schoonover.

POLLY TROTTER, PATRIOT by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. The MacMillan Company; New York: \$1.25.

A novel about a little girl who served her country well in the American Revolution. It shows what a little girl could do even in those far-back unprogressive times. The book is illustrated by Emilie Benson Knipe.

THE QUEST by John G. Neihardt. New York: The MacMillan Co.; \$1.25.

Here are gathered together some of the earlier published poems by this author. They are colorful, musical and plastic within their form. It need hardly be said that they will be read with interest by those who enjoyed Mr. Neihardt's Western Epic, "The Song of Hugh Glass."

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THE SECRET TRAILS by Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The MacMillan Co.; \$1.35.

Creatures of the woods and streams, the bear, ox, dog, rabbit, eagle, boar, are made to give their view of life and the world as they see both. Mr. Roberts gets under their fur or feathers in these stories. Through them all runs a vein of pathos—a feeling of pity that these creatures are to us "so near and yet so far." Perhaps the author accepts too much "the pathetic fallacy." Col. Roosevelt might call him a "nature-faker." But he tells good stories that ought to be true if they are not.

DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE; THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF OUR PRESENT DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH by John A. Ryan, D. D. New York: The MacMillan Co.; \$1.50.

A book of economics from the Roman Catholic standpoint. Doctor Ryan is Associate Professor of Political Science at the Catholic University of America. Professor of Economics at Trinity College and the author of other important books on this subject. This volume is dedicated to Archbishop Ireland, has the "Nihil Obstat" of Remigius LaFort S. T. D., Censor, and the "Imprimatur" of John Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York. Radicals will find this volume running parallel with many of their own theories and ideas. Doctor Ryan is Anti Socialist, but he goes a long way with the Single Taxers.

PENICRAFT: A PLEA FOR THE OLDER WAYS by William Watson. New York: The John Lane Co.; \$1.00.

This is an essay upon the art of writing by a master of the craft. As a poet he writes most sympathetically of that art. Young people, or old ones for that matter, who think they want to learn how to write, can do no better to realize their longing than to read this very lucid and delightfully written initiation into the mystery.

THINGS AS THEY ARE, ballads by Berton Braley. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co.; \$1.00.

These are the verses of one of the very best of our newspaper poets. They are characterized by a free, strong, swinging movement and they celebrate happily, or at times in a minor chord of sorrow, the common things of life. The reading of these poems admits one into the secret places of the American spirit.

PHILIPPINE FOLK TALES by Mabel Cook Cole. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25.

The title succinctly describes this book. The writer explains in an introduction how she gathered these stories during four years spent among the wild tribes of the Philippines, in company with her husband, who was engaged in ethnological work for the Field Museum of Natural History. The stories are selected from a great number as typical. One gathers from them curious information as to the beginnings of the Philippine people, though often purely pagan stories are overlaid with a deposit of Christianity from the Spanish occupation. Reading this book should give Americans a better understanding of the little brown man of whom an army poet said, "He may be a brother of William H. Taft, but he ain't no friend of mine."

OUR FELLOW SHAKESPEARE by Horace J. Bridges. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

This is a book in which the author purports to exhibit Will of Avon in his manner as he lived; a man of the world with an intense and sympathetic understanding of everything human, whose plays were written primarily for the public and for public enjoyment. Mr. Bridges interprets Shakespeare out of his plays with ingenuity and perspicacity. This volume carries valuable notations in the margins whereby the reader may refer to things before and after.

THE CREATIVE WILL: STUDIES IN THE PHILOSOPHY AND THE SYNTAX OF AESTHETIC by Willard Huntington Wright. New York: The John Lane Co.; \$1.50.

The author of "Modern Painting" and "The Man of Promise" here deals with the general subject of art in a series of essay-paragraphs which remind one somewhat of the similar work many years ago by William Ernest Henley. He goes into the psychology of art with a directness which is almost savage. He is a Nietzschean in the house of the dilettante. Music, Painting, Sculpture and Literature receive in turn thorough-going analysis at his hands. The book is written in plain English without befogging technicalities and it shows how the old masters in everything were true modernists. It is not only a philosophy of art but an organon of life.

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—William Marion Reedy, in the Mirror.

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